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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LIX. }

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXIV.

CONTENTS.

I. AFTER SIX YEARS. By Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	451
II. RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN. Part XIX.,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	469
III. PAINTING "THE SCAPEGOAT,"	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	477
IV. AN ADVENTURE IN CARIBOO,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	488
V. CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN CHINA,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	494
VI. THE QUEEN OF SCOTTISH LAKES,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	505
VII. A KIRGHESE BETROTHAL,	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> ,	509
VIII. OUR TWO SELVES,	<i>Queen</i> ,	511

POETRY.

NOBODY ELSE,	450	BALLADE OF DEAD POETS,	450
AT A WINDOW,	450		
MISCELLANY,			512

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LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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NOBODY ELSE.

Two little hands so careful and brisk
 Putting the tea-things away;
 While mother is resting awhile in her chair,
 For she has been busy all day.
 And the dear little fingers are working for
 love,
 Although they are tender and wee.
 "I'll do it so nicely," she says to herself —
 "There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered up-stairs,
 For daddy will quickly be here;
 And his shoes must be ready and warm by the
 fire,
 That is burning so bright and so clear.
 Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch:
 "He cannot come in without me.
 When mother is tired, I open the door —
 There's nobody else, you see."

Two little arms round daddy's dear neck,
 And a soft, downy cheek 'gainst his own;
 For out of the nest so cosy and bright,
 The little one's mother has flown.
 She brushes the teardrops away, as she
 thinks,
 "Now he has no one but me.
 I mustn't give way; that would make him so
 sad—
 And there's nobody else, you see."

Two little tears on the pillow, just shed,
 Dropped from the two pretty eyes.
 Two little arms stretching out in the dark,
 Two little faint sobbing cries.
 "Daddy forgot I was always waked up
 When he whispered good-night to me.
 O mother, come back just to kiss me in bed —
 There's nobody else, you see."

Little true heart, if mother can look
 Out from her home in the skies,
 She will not pass on to her haven of rest
 While the tears dim her little one's eyes.
 If God has shed sorrow around us just now,
 Yet his sunshine is ever to be!
 And he is the comfort for every one's pain —
 There's nobody else, you see.

Argosy.

MAY HODGES.

AT A WINDOW.

(To Cecilia.)

SEARCH the round earth, and heavens afar,
 Man is the highest thing you find:
 Yet all the powers of all mankind
 Drawn to a point, could never make
 One scented little jasmin-star
 Of these that by our window shake
 As stirs the fitful evening wind,
 Showing, in purple depth between
 The frondage, Sirius glancing keen.

Look back into the twilight room,
 And see amid the tender gloom

Our favorite picture glimmering rich,
 Our dear Greek goddess in her niche,
 Our fifty priceless books a-row,
 And Music, where she mildly waits
 To open with a touch Heaven's gates.
 Say hath not Art, man's proper power,
 Its world of miracles to show?
 The boundless world of star and flower,
 All that exists, above, below,
 Is chaos, blind and deaf and dumb,
 Until within the soul it come
 (That essence of its gross), perceive
 Itself at last, and instant weave
 A universe of beauty, wrought
 Of interflow, within, without, —
 Soul's joy: which in its own fine ways
 Art expresses and conveys.

How Nature hides her music-tones!
 More deeply than her precious stones:
 How we have found and set them! Nay,
 To-night, love, do not sing or play,
 But improvise — *A starry night,*
And beauty too is infinite:
 Its source the loving soul, a face
 Like yours its choicest dwelling-place.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Macmillan's Magazine.

BALLADE OF DEAD POETS.

WHERE be they that once would sing,
 Poets passed from wood and dale?
 Faintly now we touch the string,
 Faithless now we seek the Grail:
 Shakespeare, Spenser, nought avail,
 Herrick, England's Oberon,
 Sidney, smitten through his mail,
 Souls of poets dead and gone!

Ronsard's roses blossoming
 Long are faded, long are frail,
 Gathered to the heart of Spring
 He that sang the breezy flail.*
 Ah! could prayer at all prevail,
 These should shine where once they shone,
 These should 'scape the shadowy pale —
 Souls of poets dead and gone!

What clear air feels Dante's wing?
 What new seas doth Homer sail?
 By what waters wandering
 Tells Theocritus his tale?
 Still, when cries the nightingale
 Singing, sobbing, on and on,
 Her brown feathers seem to veil
 Souls of poets dead and gone!

ENVOY.

Charon, when my ghost doth hail
 O'er Cocytus' waters wan,
 Land me where no storms assail
 Souls of poets dead and gone.

St. James's Gazette.

G. R. T.

* Joachim du Bellay.

From The Nineteenth Century.
AFTER SIX YEARS.

BY SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF.

IN the month of September, 1881, just before starting for the East, I took leave of the Elgin District of Burghs, in a speech the purpose of which can best be described by a sentence near its commencement: "To-night must be given to a review, as brief as I can make it, of the position in which the country seems to me to find itself at this moment, when a veil is about to fall before the eyes of one who has long been a deeply concerned spectator of the vast and varied field of our national activity."

I remained more than five years in India, which I left on the 7th of December, 1886, and, returning slowly, arrived in England on the last day of February in this year. During the whole of my absence, my friends did their very best to keep me acquainted with what was going on at home and abroad, but I found that the pressure of business was such as to make it utterly out of the question to acquire more than a general knowledge of the course of events outside India.

On my homeward journey, more especially in Egypt and in Italy, I picked up some dropped threads, and as soon as I landed in England set to work to try to understand the present position of our national affairs, pursuing very much the same methods which I should have adopted if I had found myself, when I landed on the Kentish coast, in a region whose politics had been hitherto quite unfamiliar.

It has occurred to me that it might not be wholly uninteresting to some if, disengaged as I am from all the Parliamentary ties and combinations of the moment, I were to construct a sort of *pendant* to the speech alluded to, by summarizing the impressions I have received as to the existing state of affairs.

The first change which I may note is one in the climate of opinion. It was well put by a friend who, writing to me early in 1885, said, "You will come back to an England where thoughts are current and things are discussed which were not current or discussed when you went away;

and perhaps in our present difficulties we are paying the inevitable penalty for our inhospitality to ideas while they are still ideas only."

The first place where, after landing in Europe, I met any one connected with my old House of Commons life, was the station of Lentini in Sicily, and the cheering subject of conversation which he selected, was the spread of Socialism in Scotland.

Already in 1868 I said that, after the changes of that and the preceding year, all our institutions would have "to restate the reasons of their existence." Some were immediately asked to do so, such as the Irish Church, purchase in the army, university tests, and our system or no-system of primary education. The election of 1874, the warlike fervor which succeeded it, and Ireland, stopped the useful process they had gone on during Mr. Gladstone's first administration, and many institutions obtained a breathing-time, not, I fear, in the interest either of wise Liberalism or wise Conservatism; for, as far as I can see, instead of having had to restate the reasons of their existence to an audience which desired to destroy nothing that was not manifestly unsuited to the times in which we live, they have now got to restate the reasons of their existence to a very angry audience, a large portion of which is prejudiced against all our old political institutions, not because they are working badly, but because they exist.

I began my review in 1881 with the two houses of the legislature, and I may do the same now.

Long ere that date, judicious friends to the constitution had again and again pressed upon the hereditary chamber the necessity of reform; but nothing of importance has been done in that direction, although the speech of Lord Rosebery in 1884, and the proceedings which followed thereupon, show that a number of its wisest members see, as clearly as any one else, the absolute necessity for a change.

It is to be feared that the last six years, which have passed without anything being done, have not permanently strengthened the defensive power of the upper house. The expediency of having a second

chamber at all has been called in question in many quarters, and the *relatively* moderate writer of the "Radical programme" says:—

For the moment, indeed, the agitation against the House of Lords is at an end; but on what terms is it at an end, and what does its cessation prognosticate? So far from recognizing in it any omen of hope, the Tories would be wise to see in it reason for discouragement. No one now menaces the peers with legislative disestablishment, because they have acquiesced in the national will. So long as they are prepared on future occasions to reduce themselves to nullity whenever it is desired for them to do so, no one will care to attack them.

Neither stupid resistance nor stupid acquiescence seems to me, however, the function of a House of Lords. It is not the business of such an institution to curb representative democracy by insisting on an appeal to pure democracy, whenever the humor seizes it—a detestably bad form of a bad thing, the Swiss *referendum*—but to co-operate with the other chamber in making good laws, and overseeing the affairs of the empire.

Every one admits that business is well done in the House of Lords by its business members, but their number is very small. What you want is to increase that number. The House of Lords against which exception can be justly taken, is the House of Lords which we see only a few times every year, crowded with men who usually take no part whatever in public affairs, but merely appear at distant intervals to register their votes at the bidding of this or that party leader.

During Mr. Gladstone's first premiership, a gentleman came into the House of Commons, and sitting down on the Treasury bench, asked one of its occupants which was Lord Salisbury. *The person addressed thought he must be a new member a little off his head, when the door-keeper appeared behind the speaker's chair, frantically gesticulating. The intruder was a peer from the wilds of the country, who did not know the way to his own house. Of course there are not many noble lords who know so little about Westminster as did the personage to

whom I refer, but there are a reasonable number who do not know much more. He spake a true word who said, "What will really kill the House of Peers is not the progress of democracy—it is the progress of five o'clock tea!"

The House of Lords, even if the House of Commons became much more democratic than it has yet done, would still be the place in which might best be discussed before the constituencies a hundred matters of vital importance to the empire.

No one desires to see the upper house sit anything like the number of hours which the lower does, even when no obstruction is going on. Why should it? Six speeches out of seven made in the latter assembly are not made to it at all, but to constituents.

If the House of Lords be led by a man as wise in his generation as was the Duke of Wellington, it will never throw itself across the path of the lower chamber, when the majority in that body is considerable, and has obviously behind it a large following, if even not quite certainly a majority in the country. Least of all will it do so on questions on which the prejudices of its hereditary members are in the nature of things opposed to those of the popular party; but, after all, a great and increasing number of questions have nothing at all to do with these prejudices.

It is high time that the question of the reform of the House of Lords should be set about, in its own interest as well as in that of the people at large, every effort being made to give, in the settlement of it, no advantage to either party as such; and a Conservative government is in a better position to undertake such a work than any Liberal government could be.

Every reasonable man, whether he be a Tory of the Tories or a Radical of the Radicals, must admit that the present plan of electing Scotch and Irish representative peers is an absurdity; but the Liberals, in altering that method, might appear to be actuated by party animosity, and the same would be the case with many other obviously necessary improvements.

The bad practices, which, not unknown in the House of Commons elected in 1868, grew familiar in that of 1874, were then

first labelled as obstruction, and were already very formidable in 1881, have become much more alarming, and threaten by themselves to destroy the efficiency of the Parliamentary machine.

I observe, too, in the minds of some of the most far-seeing of my acquaintance, an anxiety which had not made itself felt at the time of my departure. Putting obstruction quite on one side, garrulity has, they say, increased to an amazing extent; not, as far as I can learn, that men are more anxious to hear themselves speak than were the great bores of old, of whom those who sat in the Parliaments of 1857 and 1859 remember some choice specimens, but because the demands of constituents that their numbers shall be vocal have so portentously multiplied.

The changes in the House, in all ways, as far as I can learn, are not for the better, and it has become distinctly a less good school for young political ability than was formerly the case.

Nothing, again, strikes me more than the increased importance, in the last six years, of platform-speaking as compared with speaking at Westminster. A few years ago the tendency was to attach too much importance to mere debating readiness, to a power of rapid mobilization, so to speak, of a man's store of facts and arguments. Now, if I am rightly informed, one gentleman, who was not "inside politics" in 1881, has risen to a first-rate position in his party, almost exclusively through his power of addressing large audiences.

With wilful obstruction and with breaches of decorum stern rules may deal, especially if the graver transgressions are visited with seriously penal consequences, at least as severe as those by which the ordinary courts enforce respect; but it is difficult to see how it will be possible to combat garrulity, unless by a large diminution of the number of members, and by very sweeping measures of delegation.

It has been evident for a whole generation, that all private business should be transferred to tribunals created *ad hoc*; but are we much nearer that great and obvious reform than we were? There is, too, a great deal of public business of a

local character which could be transacted just as well at Edinburgh, and I doubt not just as well at York or Liverpool, as it is in the House of Commons, very much to the advantage of that body.

So far the demands for decentralization are perfectly reasonable. Some very sensible articles on this subject appeared in the *Scotsman* in February of this year, have been collected in a pamphlet, and would make a fair basis for discussing such a scheme as far as the northern part of the United Kingdom is concerned. The seat, however, of any such assembly as is therein suggested would be Edinburgh; and certainly, before I ceased to represent a Scotch constituency, I had not been led to the conclusion that there was any desire, in the parts of Scotland far removed from Edinburgh, to have to look to it rather than to London as the centre of Scotch affairs. All this may very likely be changed, and if it be so, I cannot see that even a large delegation of Parliamentary powers to a body meeting at Edinburgh could lead to evil consequences, always providing that the limits beyond which such a body might not pass without entailing *ipso facto* the non-validity of all it attempted to do, and, if necessary, much severer penalties, were most clearly laid down. Its field of action should be perfectly well defined, but should, if it is to be created at all, be very wide.

It is obvious, however, that what might be perfectly safe in Scotland or north England would be, after all that has passed, entirely unsafe in most parts of Ireland; and that, if power to settle local matters there, such as have hitherto been settled at Westminster, be given to any local body, it must, if frightful injustice is not to be done, be removed for a long time beyond the sphere of political influences.

The cheapening of elections is another change of the last five years, as to the working of which no one can as yet have very full information. As, however, the best-considered acts of Parliament will hardly extinguish the horse-leech's daughter, it will be interesting to see in a few years whether the average expenses of a

Parliamentary life have much decreased — whether the greater frequency of contests, and the amiable desire of constituencies to be continually “nursed,” do not pretty well square the account.

Of course the great change of all, in connection with the House of Commons, is that of 1885 — the raising of the constituency, in round numbers, from three millions to five millions, coupled with the redistribution of seats, which shattered so many old combinations.

Meantime, it is interesting to observe that, whereas twenty years ago the commonest reproach brought against Mr. Bright was that he was trying to Americanize English institutions, the most distinguished publicist in England, whose sympathies are mainly Conservative — Sir Henry Maine — has been recently pointing out that the American people is governed by a far less uncontrolled democracy than that which was installed in power in 1885, not by the single-handed action of the Liberals, but by a combination, for that purpose, of the two parties.

Passing from Parliament to the work which it does or supervises, we may first look at finance. If we compare the pecuniary condition of our own with that of other nations during the last six years, we shall find many causes for congratulation. If, on the other hand, we compare our present with our not very distant past, the result of the survey will be, at first sight, less cheering.

In April, 1881, Mr. Gladstone complained that we were rather losing than making ground. In April, 1887, Mr. Goschen sadly contrasted the present want of elasticity in the revenue with the golden age between 1870 and 1875, when taxes — the produce of which is now hardly increasing at all — were increasing at the rate of 24 per cent.

It is satisfactory, however, that much of this inelasticity of the revenue arises from what the philanthropist would call the blessings, and the financier might be pardoned for calling the ravages, of temperance.

Meantime, the expenditure grows and grows, and I come back to find the same appeals addressed to honorable members not to throw costly duties upon government, to which I used to listen when, about half a generation ago, we were spending 68,000,000*l.* instead of 91,000,000*l.* per annum.

A mere review, however, of the payments into and out of the national treasure-chest only tells part of the truth. We

are getting our money's worth for a very considerable portion of our increased expenditure; and if the yield of some sources of revenue is falling off, there are obvious compensations, while the yield of others is steadily increasing. Each penny of the income tax never produced so much.

Perhaps in no six years of our history has the statement that “the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer” been so directly the opposite of the truth as it has in the last. A sovereign now goes at least as far in the purchase of all the articles which the artisan and laborer buy, as did twenty-three shillings only a short while ago. Necessaries and cheap luxuries never cost so little. Witness sugar and flowers — to take only two out of innumerable instances.

A huge redistribution of property is going on in Great Britain by the simple working of economical laws, and with the most beneficial results to the masses, nearly as rapidly as the wildest Socialist dreamer, who has the faintest regard for the eighth commandment, would attempt to effect it by methods which would soon stop the beneficent change now in progress.

Mr. Morley was quite justified in saying, a few weeks ago, that our society was economically sound, and that its soundness was in great part due to the adoption of Cobdenic principles; though I should part company with him if we were to draw up a list of Cobden's leading principles, and to speculate with regard to the line which the colleague of Mr. Bright and the teacher of Sir Louis Mallet would have taken at the present conjuncture.

The wealth of the country steadily accumulates; and my brief absence was enough to make me perceive a distinct increase in comfort, and in the kind of civilization which comfort brings with it, especially in the lower-middle class.

It is necessary, however, to come home, and look about a little, before the fact that we are prospering as a nation forces itself upon the mind; for the most visible portion of society has not, for a long period, had such a bad time of it. Already in 1881 a very serious fall in the value of English land had occurred, and men of large property had to face the question whether their tenants could go on at all. Scotland, however, had not suffered nearly so much. Now I return to be told that things are almost as bad in the north as in the south, and to hear landlords who, when I went away, had practically no arrears,

complaining of the loss of very large sums, while others say that they are compelled to reduce their rents by something like forty per cent. As with the landowner so with the merchant, the manufacturer, and the great majority of people in the higher walks of business. Although its volume is ever growing greater, the profits it leaves behind, in the hands of those who direct it, are much smaller. The profits, which once would have stayed with them, now find their way into the pockets of others.

The England of 1887 is vastly richer than that of 1881, and the chances and changes of politics have taken to the Treasury a financier who recalls the Gladstone of his great decade. To the Liberal party, using that word not in its present party sense, but in its old acceptance, as the party which represented the best intelligence of the country, it is of unspeakable importance that such a financier should sit in a government which numbers amongst its supporters so many economical heretics.

The tendency to hand over to the executive much that used to be done by individual effort is so strong, that even Mr. Goschen may find it difficult to resist; but we may be very sure that, as long as he is at the exchequer, reasonable people will have as good a guarantee as they could possibly desire against any dallying with fair trade or its kindred follies.

Amongst the causes of expenditure which are ever increasing, to the discomfort of those who have to raise the revenue, but to the great advantage of the country at large, education has a prominent place. Those who are best entitled to speak about its progress in the last six years, tell me that the numbers attending primary schools have largely increased, that juvenile crime diminishes in a most gratifying manner, and that a kind of elementary cultivation is spreading, through their children, among classes that used to be too much neglected. On the other hand, they do not give so cheering an account of the curriculum. Grammar, the least educative of all subjects to the very young mind, still occupies a most disproportionate place amongst the subjects taught, and extremely little is done towards diffusing the first notions of science— notions out of which alone a more educated industry, one able to keep us in front of our Continental rivals, can be expected to grow.

I note with pleasure the decidedly increased interest in technical education,

the action of some of the city guilds, and the striking building which has risen, in consequence of that action, in Exhibition Road; but it is clear that the vast majority of those who direct industry in this country have not yet realized how absolutely indispensable it is to its prosperity that the rule-of-thumb skill of our artisans should be supplemented by the preliminary training, which is enabling some foreign countries to compete with us on far more equal terms than would be possible, if we were once thoroughly awake to the dangers which we run.

I hear of much better dispositions being entertained with regard to more wide and liberal training in some of our great public schools than was the case even six years ago; though I dare say there are still head masters, and that of institutions which could not allege in their favor the claims of long custom, who would say, as one actually did a few years ago, "It is impossible to excite a boy's ambition on the modern side!"

At the universities the whirl of change becomes ever more fast and furious. This has its inconveniences, but it is inevitable. These great institutions have been making, with increasing haste, since 1850, changes which should have been slowly and gradually introduced through the last hundred years, and must continue to make them till they are at least abreast of their rivals.

In Scotland, under an act which passed in 1882, very considerable progress has been made, under the guidance of Lord Shand and other enlightened men, towards putting the educational endowments upon a sound footing.

Out of a sum of 185,000*l.* a year, 110,000*l.* has been already dealt with, while the consideration of how the remaining 75,000*l.* can be made to do the utmost possible amount of good, is far advanced.

Ireland was the burning question during the year that preceded my departure, and I return to find Ireland the burning question.

The position, however, of those who thought as I did six years ago, and whose opinions have remained the same, is entirely changed. We asked our constituents, before the session of 1881 commenced, to support us in enabling Mr. Gladstone, and the very strong Cabinet by which he was then surrounded, to grapple with and remove out of the way any real Irish grievances which might, after full inquiry, be considered still to exist; but we promised them that Mr. Gladstone and

his government would deal no less vigorously with persons who attempted to disturb the public peace than they did with institutions which could not be defended before the tribunal of reason.

I myself put it in this way :—

"We must not forget, however, that behind any reasonable demands for the redress of grievances with regard to land there are communistic and unreasonable demands with regard to it; and behind these communistic and unreasonable demands there are dreams of a separate and hostile Irish nationality, on which, if they begin to translate themselves into acts, Great Britain must and will stamp. All wise and just men should pray that their patience be not exhausted before all proved grievances are put in the way of being redressed. If it ever be exhausted, Ireland will find out that Cromwell is by no means dead, but only asleep, and Cromwell in these days of household suffrage would represent, not a party, but a nation. There is no difficulty in governing Ireland, the only difficulty is in governing it well; that is, on the free principles on which Great Britain governs herself. If that becomes impossible, with Mr. Gladstone in power, the Irish will only have themselves to thank for it."

During the session of 1881, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues acted in conformity with the views which were held by so many of his followers. They went to the very outside edge of reasonable concession in the Irish Land Bill, probably even beyond it; but they brought in measures calculated to restrain the anarchic forces. And certainly, when I addressed my constituents in December, 1880, it seemed to me that they, at least, were even more anxious to restrain those forces than to remedy grievances. Now, however, I come back to find Mr. Gladstone, who in the summer of 1881 was most anxious to hand over the worries and responsibilities of power to younger men, in the closest alliance with the very anarchic forces which he was then trying to repress, and apparently desirous, not only to regain power, but to hold it.

I was always one of those who wished to redress every Irish grievance. I listened with deep admiration to Mr. Bright's great speech made in 1866, when we were called together on a Saturday to pass through all its stages the bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. It was the finest speech I ever heard in Parliament, and one of the wisest. Now, however, the whole situation is altered;

the grievances the consideration of which Mr. Bright then urged upon us are all redressed. Measures are proposed by the present government for further dealing with the Irish land question. They may be wise or unwise, but they cannot be properly described as directed against grievances. They are large and extremely risky speculations, which may possibly result in a balance of good.

No doubt a few years hence people will say that very much stronger measures than those authorized by the Crimes Bill would have saved in the end much unnecessary misery to Ireland, and perhaps to the sister country. Politicians, however, must work with the instruments which they have got; and it would require, I suppose, some new tragedy, worse than that of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, to drive this country to give to the disturbed part of Ireland that system of polity under which alone, after all that has passed, it might hope to return to relatively sane ways, and commence an era of comparative prosperity.

We receive much advice from the other side of the Atlantic, given by persons who know little and care less about the particular facts with which we have to deal, but who are tremblingly alive to the importance of the Irish vote. Those of us who watched, a quarter of a century ago, transatlantic events, had an admirable opportunity of learning how patient a government, which respected itself, could be with persons who menaced the internal unity of the State, and how it considered it right to act when patience had had its perfect work.

The whole thing is put in a nutshell by a writer of Home Rule opinions in this review for May last :—

An absolutist government has not been tried in Ireland since the days of Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell kept Ireland quiet for his time. Have Ministers the nerve to try an absolutist government again? One sometimes hears it said, "Lord Wolseley is the man for Ireland." Have Ministers the courage to send Lord Wolseley and Lord Dufferin to Ireland as absolute rulers for twenty years? Can they do this? Dare they do it in the face of English public opinion? If not, then the game of Union is up.

The question could not be more fairly stated. The British people has honorably tried to govern Ireland as it governs itself; it has failed. Except in a small portion of the country, which may be treated for practical purposes as a part of Scotland, the choice now lies between a prosperous

subject and a miserable hostile Ireland—a miserable hostile Ireland which, if we call it into existence, we shall most certainly have to reconquer, perhaps at a most inconvenient moment, with the expenditure of much human life, and make, at last, subject and prosperous.

It may take some time to get this into the mind of the British constituencies, and a variety of half measures may be tried before they see that they have come to the parting of the ways; but come to it they have.

We have been exhorted to imitate the example of Austria, and make our relations with Ireland like hers with Hungary. By all means let us consider about doing that, if we can reproduce, with reference to Ireland, the circumstances in which Austria found herself in 1866.

In order to do this, Ireland must drive every British soldier, except a garrison here and there, beyond her borders; must invade England, occupy Oxford, and threaten London. Then the French must come to our rescue, and the Irish commander-in-chief surrender, not to Lord Wolseley, but say, to General Boulanger. Next, we must have a great series of executions in Ireland, and hold it down, by overwhelming force, for sixteen years. Then, after we have been invaded by Germany, and have lost the greatest battle we have fought since Waterloo,—somewhere in the eastern counties—the queen must send for Mr. Parnell and say, "Well, what is to be done now?" To that question he must reply, "Restore the Constitution to Ireland and make peace." Whereupon she must rejoin, "If I restore the Constitution to Ireland, will Ireland give me soldiers to continue the war?" On that he must observe, "No, madam, it is too late;" and the queen, in her turn, must say, "Well, so I suppose it must be."

Historical parallels are exceedingly useful, but we should see that they are parallels.

Not the least of the many difficulties in dealing with Ireland, is its extreme weakness. If troops break into mutiny, even the most humane of mankind kill them down till all is quiet. Witness Castelar and Carthage, or, for that matter, a most distinguished and amiable Irishman in the Punjab. No one, however, thinks of shelling a school in which there is a barring-out.

Turn and twist the Irish problem as you may, there are three features in it of which we shall certainly not get rid.

1. The land cannot support its present

population. Emigration aided by migration within the country, must go on, on a gigantic scale, if famine is not to cut the knot. No political changes, wise or foolish, will enable any one, prince or peasant, to live on the produce of an estate whose merit is not agricultural but residential. It seems absurd to talk of the wretched holdings of some hundreds of thousands of people in Ireland as residential estates, but that is what they have been from time immemorial. The people have lived on them, not out of them, their poor resources coming from work done by themselves or by their connections elsewhere.

Improved agricultural implements have destroyed the market for Irish agricultural labour in England, and the flow of money from America cannot be perpetual.

All changes in the land laws are mere palliatives. They cannot make Ireland permanently support in decent comfort even four millions of people, unless some altogether unexpected resources are discovered.

2. The new departure with regard to Ireland initiated by Mr. Gladstone, be it right or be it wrong, has inspired such terror in the English capitalist that he no longer dares to invest anything whatever in that country. Out of, I think, one hundred and eighteen projects before the Irish Board of Public Works, for which capital was likely to be advanced when Mr. Gladstone's altered views became known, only four, I understand, have come to the birth, and those under very exceptional conditions.

3. The demoralization and pauperization of the people which have resulted from the spasmodic efforts of English governments, for the last fifty years, to atone for the errors of the past, and to pet and foster everything which philanthropy gone mad can suggest as an object of petting and fostering in Ireland, have proceeded to an extent which the best Irishmen contemplate with horror.

"Yes," say some reasoners, "but let them have Home Rule, and their government will never make the mistake of petting and fostering." If it does not, how long will it remain a government? and if it could do so, and allow the country to work out its own salvation through half-a-dozen famines like that of 1846, and two or three civil wars, what would the civilized world say to an England which looked calmly on?

The first rumor that reached me in India with reference to the change in Mr.

Gladstone's idea about Ireland came from a friend, who reported that he had talked with a gentleman fresh from Hawarden, who stated that the late prime minister had been studying the history of the Irish Union, and that his conscience had been much troubled by the facts that came to his knowledge with reference to the manner in which that great event had been brought about. It is an interesting problem in the barren but attractive science of hypothetics, whether the recent history of England would have been in any way altered, if Mr. Dunbar Ingram had published, some eighteen months sooner, the work in which he has recently shown that the amount of bribery used to bring about the Union has been, to say the least, most crazily exaggerated, and that, in point of fact, nearly all the corruption exercised was exercised, not to bring it about, but to impede it.

Recent events are trumpet-tongued in denouncing our folly in not having established long ago the most cordial diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Just at present, however, it might be difficult to do so, lest we should convey the wholly false impression that we are inclined to recede one inch from our policy of close friendship with the kingdom of Italy.

To us, the temporal power of the pope was, a quarter of a century ago, an anachronism and an absurdity; but with the pope as a spiritual ruler, all sane English statesmen must desire to live on the best possible terms.

The queen rules over millions and millions of Catholic subjects. All governments of all parties are, *quâ* governments, profoundly indifferent to the views of these millions with regard to the next world, if only they will be peaceable and prosperous subjects in this. In no empire have the pope and his clergy more absolutely unfettered action. They never cease to acknowledge this; but to satisfy some old-world scruples, which have hardly any living force in the minds of the most idiotic bigots, we throw away the immense advantage of being able to keep the head of the Catholic Church fully and officially informed of what it concerns both of us that he should know.

We hold at arm's length a personage whose interests touch ours at a thousand points, and could rarely, if ever, conflict with ours, if both parties fully understood each other's drift.

As far back as the beginning of 1876 it was clear enough to any one in Rome who

took the trouble to look about him, that an arrangement between the pope and the king was merely a matter of time. It could not be the work of Pius IX., hardly of his successor, more probably of his successor's successor. This forecast seems likely to be justified by events. I have not observed any notice in this country of a curious pamphlet which appeared in the beginning of this year, under the title of "*Il pensiero intimo di S.S. Leone XIII., confidato al presunto suo successore.*" It takes the form of a dialogue, has all the appearance of having been sent up as a *ballon d'essai* by some one who really knew the views of the supreme pontiff, and breathes the most conciliatory spirit.

My belief is that a union between the Vatican and the government of Italy is commanded by circumstances, and must, before very long, come about.

A good deal of the fighting that now goes on is like the fighting of the old *condottieri* — no one is hurt much; and it would be odd if they were, for in Rome everybody is everybody's cousin, and the interests of black and red are knit together by a thousand unseen threads.

Such a consummation can only be advantageous to English interests, if we allow ourselves to be guided by the plainest maxims of common sense, and have the most intimate relations with both sides of the Tiber.

In speaking of home politics in the autumn of 1881, I complained of the great arrear of legislation. I returned to find that arrear grown to far more formidable proportions, and whereas at that time I could not with any justice have blamed the Liberals for having had much to do with the accumulation of these arrears, it would now be monstrously unjust to deny that a good many of those with whom I used to act cannot be acquitted of grave blame in this matter.

One instance I gave in 1881 was the delay in doing anything effectual about the land laws. Now at length, in 1887, a serious reform has been proposed. Who, however, has proposed it? Not the statesman who was at the head of the Cabinet of 1880, and had behind him so powerful a majority, which would willingly have seen such a reform put in the forefront of his programme.

Nevertheless, however much we may have regretted seeing great opportunities lost, what is most important is that necessary reforms should be made by some one or other, and it is pleasant to see that

sensible Cobdenic opinions about land have been spreading widely and rapidly.

In 1879 I was sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons, listening to the debate which was raised by the present Lord Fife, in a very excellent speech, which came with double effect from one of the greatest of Scotch proprietors. A German statesman, M. de Roggenbach, who was of the party, leaned across and said to me, "This debate is the beginning of a quite new period."

His prescience has been justified, for now, in 1887, we have opinions which were then considered to affix to those who uttered them the stigma of "viewiness" endorsed to a great extent by a Conservative lord chancellor.

How much mischief in the past, and alas! how much mischief which has, too probably, yet to come, might have been saved to the landlords of this country, and of Ireland, if their elbows, so to speak, had been set free a quarter of a century ago!

But no; they dreamed dreams that their exceptional social and political position, which, from 1832, had been slipping ever more rapidly from them, could be bolstered up by a land system which, while it cruelly injured the community, injured themselves almost more cruelly.

I do not know where I have seen the absurdity of the gyves which they kept fastened around their own limbs, and which their family solicitors persuaded them were not gyves, but ornaments, better set forth than in the little book on the English Constitution just published by M. Boutmy, who remarks:—

Spectacle singulier! Nous avons suivi le grand propriétaire dans l'exercice de ses innombrables fonctions publiques, nous avons mesuré son crédit, fait longuement le tour de son autorité. Quand, l'esprit occupé et comme distendu par l'image de cette toute-puissance, nous revenons avec lui sur son domaine, ce personnage, ce *roi*, se révèle à nous comme le plus impuissant des hommes. Usufruitier timide, il ne peut ni vendre une parcelle, ni consentir une hypothèque pour couvrir les avances que la terre réclame. Il ne peut pas couper un arbre, il n'a pas le droit de consentir un long bail. Un homme de loi l'accompagne en toutes ses démarches, déconcerte par objections juridiques ses projets les plus sensés et les plus utiles, ou l'aide subtilement dans les plus simples actes de propriétaire, devenus matière à grave responsabilité. Sa seule ressource est de se pourvoir, dans les cas rares où cela est permis, d'une autorisation devant la cour de chancellerie. Le contraste éclate à tous les yeux.

To one returning from Madras, the progress which the ideas of Mr. Henry George have made in many half-educated minds is exceedingly amusing. In that portion of her Majesty's dominions, as in many others, the land is nationalized—never was anything else—and I should be very sorry to see a change made in the arrangement. It works sufficiently well, just as half-a-dozen other tenures of landed property work sufficiently well, but there is no magic in it. Doubtless the Madras peasant is, in spite of declamations about the poverty of India, better off in many respects than his brethren in the northern temperate zone; but his relative prosperity depends upon causes which have nothing to do with the system under which he holds his land. To hear that system, or anything like that system, treated as "good tidings of great joy" is irresistibly comical.

Amongst the many dangers ahead, the small number of the electors who are directly interested in preventing injustice to the land-owners is not one of the least serious.

I should be very sorry to see anything here remotely resembling the French system of compulsory division of land; but the *morcellement* which is from so many points of view to be deprecated, is at least a conservative force, the want of which we may one day have to deplore.

I see no reason whatever why the present government, so long as Mr. Goschen and those whom he represents in the Cabinet exert a powerful influence on its deliberations, should not treat successfully county government, the government of London, and a great many other things which sorely want attending to, both in England and Scotland.

Decentralization, for example, in the interests of the latter country, is a neutral measure, which might be carried either by Liberals or Conservatives, just as the creation of a Scottish secretary of state might have proceeded from either party.

It is almost inevitable that a country like ours should oscillate between giving too much and too little attention to its external affairs. During the years that preceded the election of 1880, we were far too largely occupied with discussions—and too often very ill-informed discussions—about many matters which were geographically foreign to us, and might, with great advantage, have been foreign to our thoughts.

Since that time we have had two separate epidemics; the one foreign—the

Egyptian fever; the other domestic—the Irish fever.

Not till this year, however, when a sequence of articles has appeared in one of our contemporaries which could only have proceeded from some one who had the opportunities, as well as the intelligence, of a statesman, has any person, who could lay claim to the authority which that name presupposes, asked Great Britain to take a calm survey of her international position. And yet that position is one which calls for the serious attention of a serious people.

Italy remains as she was six years ago, our only real friend. An Italian statesman once remarked to me, "I was thinking to-day a long way back in the history of this country, and I could not remember one single occasion on which the interests of Great Britain and of Italy had been opposed."

"It is curious," I answered, "that you should say that to me to-night, for only this morning in Giusti's collection of proverbs, I came across the lines:—

Con tutto il mondo guerra,
E pace con Inghilterra."

Italy is not only disposed to be our very good friend, she is, for reasons of her own, the enemy of the only power that can be dangerous to us. Her mighty ironclads, movable fortresses to protect her coast, are intended, not to attack any one, but to ward off invasion. When she is urged to increase her army unduly, we may deprecate her doing so, lest she should overstrain resources which, since she achieved her unity, have turned out less extensive than we had supposed; but, as far as we are concerned, the more powerful and ready she is for war, the better.

It is also extremely desirable for us that she should come to a better understanding with the Vatican.

The old and steady friends of Germany in this country have watched with more regret than surprise the growth of an anti-English feeling beyond the Rhine. We were always a small minority. During the years in which the events were occurring which led to the formation of a great and powerful Germany, the sympathies of this country were never really interested in favor of her unity. The cause is not far to seek. It was the profound ignorance of Germany's language, literature, and history which prevailed on this side of the North Sea forty years ago. That was, I suppose, inevitable, and it would be idle to reproach the statesmen of that

day for being what they were; but it is curious to speculate on the effect which might have been produced on European affairs, if half-a-dozen of the leading persons on each side of politics had known in 1848 as much German as Carteret is said to have done last century.

We cannot blame Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and their contemporaries for having had so much Latin and so little Teutonic cultivation, but the impartial historian will not acquit them of great want of insight in not perceiving that, "though Prussia sometimes drove to the left, sometimes to the right, and was very provoking, yet that the millions of Protestant Germany were behind her."

That was the key to the whole politics of central Europe, and that key should have been in their possession. We may deplore the past, but we cannot alter it. Happily the interests of nations are more potent than their feelings, and the interests of England are identical with those of Germany.

Let us hope that the wave of dislike to us and to our ways which is now passing over the fatherland may not be a long one. Some of it is probably due to the dislike entertained to the idiosyncrasy of a single English statesman; much to the *crassa ignorantia*, which prevails in the German public, with respect to England and to the laws which govern the wealth of nations.

I believe it would have been much better for Germany if her unity had been brought about, not by blood and iron, but by milder and more slowly working agencies. There the unity is, however, and we Englishmen would have nothing to complain of in the present policy of the great chancellor if we thought it well calculated to steer Germany through her economical troubles as it is to maintain her European position. The mere fact, however, that the representation of Berlin is so largely in the hands of Socialists, while that of London is predominantly Conservative, raises in our minds reflections by no means of a wholly tranquillizing character.

Still, whatever we may have to regret or criticise, there is in 1887 no less than in 1878 no better maxim for an English statesman to remember than *sine Germania nulla salus*.

We are the only two thoroughly peaceful and conservative powers in Europe. We want nothing from each other, and nothing from any one else on this continent. Why we should grumble if Germany were to annex every unoccupied

portion of the planet which we do not want ourselves, outside this continent, is more than I can see. It may turn out very inconvenient for her to have an opera-box in New Guinea, close to so enormously powerful a neighbor as will be the Australia of 1987; but considerations of that kind belong to the domain, not of politics, but of providence. I hold that wherever we can help on German interests we should help them on, and that every act, public or private, that can be done towards bringing about a better comprehension of each other by England and Germany, or by Englishmen and Germans, is just so much added to the sum of good influences which are working in Europe.

With regard to any treaty obligations which might, under certain eventualities, bring us into hostile relations with Germany, we should let it be understood, and that speedily, that obligations which are taken by all Europe must be considered as binding by all Europe, for the common advantage of all Europe, or not binding on any one. No eventuality that could arise, in a war between France and Germany, should ever be allowed to lead to a breach of good understanding between us and the latter power.

With Russia our relations have got worse since 1881, as they have done through every six years since the *quinquennium* that followed the Crimean war. The blame must be divided between the two nations, and our own share will perhaps not be the least.

If, in 1867, we had listened to the advice of Lord Strangford and others, who told us that we ought to know all that Russia was doing in central Asia, but should not prematurely disquiet ourselves about what might be the result, remembering the wise maxim that cure is often better than prevention, we should have had nothing to reproach ourselves with, and have avoided a number of damaging mistakes.

May we venture to hope that, as both sides, first the Liberals and then the Conservatives, have been led into disastrous follies in Afghanistan, both may agree to remember henceforth the Spanish saying: "Let him attack who wills; the strong man waits"?

Assuredly, what occurred last year in India, at the time of the Penjdeh incident, ought to make it clear to even the veriest fire-eater, that that nearer we can fight to our own borders the better; while at the same time, our own difficulties in getting supplies to the front, with all the

vast resources of our huge Indian Empire behind us, should comfort those who believe that Russia can send vast masses of men to drive us into the Indus.

This, however, should be kept in mind; 1867 is twenty years ago, and dangers which should have been treated as remote then, are not so remote now.

To Austria we have come nearer. Unfortunate incidents in 1880, and the *ransome* which was supposed to linger in certain English breasts in connection with the old domination of Austria in Italy, had done harm. All that has now passed away, and we might at any time see the closest alliance between Vienna and London. If reasonable stipulations could be entered into with respect to our trade — stipulations which would be even more useful to Austria than to ourselves — it would be absolutely immaterial to this country what share our old ally might take of the Balkan peninsula, when that politically volcanic region is once more violently disturbed.

That the military strength of the empire is not so great as could be desired seems undoubted, but, on the other hand, I cannot believe that her enemy is capable of bringing against her, south of the Carpathians, such gigantic forces as some believe. The profound corruption of Russia is worth many battalions to her foes.

Whatever we, who, although we were not philo-Turks, were not anti-Turks, may have hoped or desired, Mr. Gladstone's action in the early autumn of 1876, and all that followed it, settled the question in a sense adverse to our views, and, as reasonable men, we have had nothing to do since but to accommodate ourselves as best we could to the highly provisional state of affairs which was thus inaugurated.

We have not the slightest feeling of ill-will either to Turkey or to any of the numerous heirs, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, and all the rest of them, who desire to profit by her dissolution as a European power; but if there ever was a state of affairs in which the policy of *alors comme alors* was a sensible one, it is so in the present condition not only of the Balkan peninsula and its neighborhood, but of all the Turkish States.

I much regret the circumstances that took us to Egypt; but I think that our going thither was inevitable, and can only deplore that divided counsels, a burst of popular enthusiasm which, unhappily yielded to, first placed a heroic but utterly unsound man of genius in an impossible position and then deserted him, should

have cast an atmosphere of something worse than ridicule over operations admirably devised and, in so far as depended upon the army and navy, brilliantly executed. The errors were made at the centre of affairs. When the secrets of Cabinets become revealed, we shall know exactly on whom should fall the responsibility for many of the checks and misfortunes with which we met in Africa.

Now, I suppose, all sensible Englishmen wish the same thing with regard to Egypt.

1. They wish to see the Suez canal put exactly in the position of a strait of the sea, with this difference, that no one should be allowed to fight in it or its approaches.

2. They wish us to retain, under all circumstances, absolute freedom of isthmus transit.

3. They wish to get rid of our responsibilities in Egypt as soon as they can—provided always we do not shuffle them off in a way which will bring about all or more than the mischiefs to which our intervention of 1882 put a temporary end.

4. They would be very sorry to see the internal condition of Egypt slip back to what it was six years ago.

Speaking to me in the January of this year, at Cairo, an Egyptian statesman said: "When you were here last in 1873, Egypt was governed by three words—*kurbash*, *corvée*, and *bakshish*. Since that time we have almost altogether got rid of the first, and half got rid of the second. To get rid of the third will take a generation or so longer."

Some of our Continental critics sneer at our caring about the internal condition of Egypt. Into the right or wrong of our doing so, so far as questions of morality are concerned, I will not enter; but I am ready to argue the question on the lower ground, and to say that, considering how much we have to do with Egypt, it pays better for us to have that country three parts civilized than not civilized at all.

In a civilized Egypt, an Arabi, at least, would be an impossibility; other troubles there might be, and plenty of them, but not the particular trouble of having at the head of affairs a barbarian whose ideas were those of the Arabian past, the desert, the camel, and the palm-tree.

I do not agree with the widely spread opinion that the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany made all the difference in the feeling of France toward her victorious neighbor. If Germany had retired, leaving to France every inch of her

territory, and every stone of her fortresses, the desire for revenge would have been very much the same as it is now.

Nearly fifty years after Waterloo I was speaking to Mr. Prévost Paradol about the feeling which had been excited in England by the belief, at one time prevalent, that the Prince de Joinville was very hostile to this country.

"You will find," he replied, "a little of that at the bottom of every French heart."

"But there is no corresponding feeling," I said, "at the bottom of every English one."

"Ah, monsieur," he remarked, "*vous n'êtes pas les derniers vaincus!*"

The shock to the national sentiment when the greater part of the French army was taken into safe keeping beyond the Rhine, and returned after the war *unbeschädigt*, as Moltke put it, was that which really rankled, and rankles, in the Gallic breast. The annexation of Alsace-Lorraine made Germany physically stronger, while it did not materially increase the hunger and thirst of France for vengeance.

Six years have by no means improved the relations between this country and France. It is a great misfortune. The free-trade policy inaugurated in 1860 did much to promote friendly feeling during the last decade of the empire, and made indeed some people rather too much inclined to look over many things that could not be approved. During the decade which followed the war France was weak, but with returning strength the old and deep-seated hatred of England has cropped up again, and become a factor in politics. Long ere this it is probable that the two nations would have been at war, if it had not been for the fear that a quarrel with us might give an opportunity to Germany to prevent her quiet being disturbed for at least a generation. This fear of Germany is, no doubt, to us a great collateral security, but it would be extremely unwise to reckon too much upon it. Of course, in a long war we could weary France out, take from her every colony she has got, and destroy all her sea-going commerce; but these are not the days of long wars—they are the days of short, sudden wars, and we are very far from being so thoroughly armed as to make it impossible that a great disaster should be inflicted upon us by France at the commencement of a quarrel.

To put ourselves into an unassailable position would be very easy, and far from costly; but whether we shall do so while

our attention is distracted by matters of much less moment is more than doubtful.

We often hear it said that the really controlling power in France is now the vast mass of the peasant voters, and that they are essentially peaceful. They are; but it is also true that "like the beasts of the field, they do not know their own strength." If they did they would soon make an end of the ghastly Moloch of general military service, to which they and their children are sacrificed. They let their thinking be done for them, in all critical moments, by Parisian journalists at a white heat. The fear of immediate invasion may sometimes make those gentlemen hear reason, as it did a few weeks ago, when France had what a witty prince of the Church called "a paroxysm of good sense;" but nothing short of the fear of immediate invasion would have that sobering effect; and there is no question of our invading France.

The changes which have taken place in Europe during the period I am considering, with reference to the relations of the greater powers, have tended to increase the importance of military and naval questions.

It is a sad thing for those of us who hoped to see Europe become more pacific, when reasonable national aspirations had been gratified, to find ourselves living in a state of affairs in which all other international questions sink into insignificance when compared with the questions: "What is their comparative fighting strength; what the comparative quality of the brain power and moral force which directs that strength?"

Nevertheless, however much we may regret that the period of national co-operation is postponed to a happier century, it is idle to try to blink the unpleasant realities around us.

Every mail that met me, as I found my way home from India, spoke of the possibility, not to say the probability, of immediate war — war which might be brought about by any one of half-a-dozen not at all unlikely eventualities.

This naturally suggested to my mind the inquiry, "Assuming that our own intentions are as pacific as I should wish them to be, assuming, that is, that we only desire to maintain the *status quo*, pursuing a mission of self-improvement and civilization — how far is our military and naval strength adequate to make our peaceful attitude respected by those whose intentions are not peaceful?"

I have been trying since my return to

arrive at some answer to that inquiry which might be satisfactory, at least to myself, and this is what seems to me the state of the case with regard to our navy and army.

Even Sir R. S. Robinson, severe critic as he is of the department with which he was formerly connected, admits that much has been done within the last two years, and considers the British navy to be superior to the French.

That is good so far as it goes, but we want more. It should be a cardinal maxim of policy that the British navy should be stronger than at least any two other navies.

In the first Gladstone administration, in the days of Mr. Childers and Mr. Goschen, there is reason to believe that it fulfilled, and something more than fulfilled, that demand; nor should any money be grudged, to either party in the State, so long as it is employed honestly and intelligently to arrive at that result.

Sir R. S. Robinson proposes an elaborate plan for enabling Parliament to scrutinize Admiralty expenditure with a fuller understanding of the subject than is now possible. I confess I have very little hope of any good coming out of the re-casting of accounts and estimates, from which he expects so much. If the present supervision of work within the department is not sufficiently skilled or intelligent, make it more skilled and more intelligent. To obtain more continuity in the tenure of office by its Parliamentary chiefs is past praying for, without revolutionary changes in our methods of government. Able Parliamentary chiefs will bring fresh minds to the consideration of Admiralty policy, and will do no little good by an intelligent and unsparing use of the monosyllable "why;" but to imagine that the very ablest statesman can get, in a year or two, the power of forming an independent judgment upon a thousand matters of great importance to the efficiency of the navy, is a dream. That he should have absolutely free hand in the choice of his subordinates, uncontrolled by any consideration except the efficiency of the service, is indisputable.

Sir R. S. Robinson says:—

I should state as my opinion, leaving others to judge what it may be worth, that in fighting power the unarmed ships of England are decidedly superior to those of our rivals; but if the *raison d'être* of the French navy is, as has been frequently stated in that country, and by none more powerfully and categorically than by the French Minister of Marine, the

widespread, thorough destruction of British commerce, and the pitiless and remorseless ransoming of every undefended and accessible town in the British dominions, regardless of any sentimentalities, or such rubbish as the laws of war, and the usages of civilized nations, and if at least one of the *raison d'être* of the British navy is to defeat those benevolent intentions, and to defend that commerce on which depends our national existence and imperial greatness, then I fear that perhaps they have prepared to realize their purpose of remorseless destruction rather better than we have ours of successful preservation.

I have no doubt that the mischief done in this way by the French would only be limited by their power, and by prudential considerations, but Sir R. S. Robinson has omitted the obvious qualification that two could play at this game.

The foolish policy, or want of policy, which prevented our following up the Declaration of Paris by lending ourselves to the suggestion then made by America, to get rid of the abomination of belligerent rights at sea, would most grievously — if ever we had a long war — affect the interests of this country, but it would not affect us in the way that many people suppose — would not throw such multifarious duties upon our navy as is often maintained.

Great numbers of British ships would pass into the hands of neutrals, and they would drive a roaring trade, while our ship-owners were being ruined; but, although I am very far from being otherwise than rejoiced to see the multiplication of our swift cruisers, the use of these would have its limits, and the main employment of the navy would be as a first line of defence, to make attacks on our own coast as difficult as possible, and to defend our various coigns of vantage all over the world.

Meantime it is consolatory to hear Lord George Hamilton say, as he did at the Academy dinner, that the fleet which is to be gathered this month at Spithead, to be inspected by the queen, will be the most powerful which any sovereign ever beheld in time of peace.

As, however, the next great sea-fight will assuredly have many surprises, it would be satisfactory to know that, if any of our huge machines were badly injured, they could find absolute security under the guns of our arsenals. Is it, however, at all certain that they could? Are not our fortifications still very imperfect and quite unfit for the exigencies of a sudden attack — the only kind of attack, that is, which we have occasion to fear?

Turning to the army, after giving what appears to me due weight to much severe criticism of it, the truth seems to be something like this. Up to 1868 we had really no army in the modern sense of the term. We had a large number of soldiers, but we had no thoroughly organized military body, every part of which was instinct with the life of the whole. The system of recruiting, of mobilization, of transport and commissariat, were all to the last degree defective. It was assumed as axiomatic, that we were always unready at the beginning of a war, but that, as the war went on, our strength increased, while that of allies and adversaries was very apt to decline.

To the clear intelligence of Lord Cardwell such a state of things seemed absurd in a world which had seen the battle of Königgrätz. I remember his telling me that he was not a little startled, when he went to the War Office, by finding that there was no such thing as a plan for the joint defence of the country by the army and navy. He set to work, he made himself master of the difficult details of a subject not specially congenial to a man whose training had been that of a scholar, a lawyer, and a Parliamentary politician; he collected round him the ablest advisers, and supported them when they were collected. Amidst much ignorant abuse, he took advantage of the cannon fever of 1870 to lay the foundation of a military system calculated to hold its own on a planet in which might was destined for some considerable time to overrule both right and reason. On the foundations which he laid broad and deep, other war ministers, on both sides of politics, among them Lord Hartington and Mr. Childers, have built. Lord Stanley, of Preston, and Mr. W. H. Smith deserve very especial mention, both for what they did and for the party temptations which they resisted.

The object set before himself by the last-named minister was, if I understand his intentions correctly, to have two complete army corps and a division of cavalry ready for active service.

I am under the impression that we could now mobilize that force in a brief period, if war were to break out in Europe, although horses — a very important item — would be a difficulty.

If we were a Continental power, with only an imaginary frontier, that difficulty, like many others, would have to be faced at any cost; but the sea, though no longer so strong a defence as it was, is at least an inestimable blessing as giving us time.

We have still, however, a great deal to do that ought to be done; we have not yet got nearly so far forward with our *matériel* as with our men, though much has been effected in the last twelve months.

I think no expense should be spared to put these two army corps and the division of cavalry, of which I have spoken, into perfect order, and to supply them with all the appliances of every kind which they want; since, allowing liberally for all the assistance that would be derived from our militia and our two hundred and fifty thousand volunteers, Great Britain cannot be made safe against invasion, even by the most competent commander, with a smaller force.

And an attempt at invasion is as far as possible from being out of the question. It will continue to be a great and real danger as long as France remains anything like as strong as she now is, and while a good many influential Frenchmen continue to be animated with the malignant hatred against this country on which I have already commented. To make such an invasion a disastrous failure depends simply upon ourselves, and great progress towards doing so has been made of recent years. Schemes have been prepared for the defence of all our military ports, and for operations to be undertaken, in case a landing were attempted. Every possible place where such a landing could be attempted has been carefully reconnoitred, and positions have been fixed where our troops could fight to the best advantage; but it would be mere madness to relax our preparations, and it is infinitely desirable that the freest hand should be given to the reforming element in the army and the War Office. This is really a matter far too serious to allow either party or personal considerations to stand in the way of making our relatively small army as nearly perfect, for its purposes, as anything human can be.

Such a determination has nothing to do with militarism, or chauvinism, or jingoism, or any other "ism," save the best sort of patriotism. If we are but safe from sudden attack, from disaster at the very commencement of hostilities, the chances are that we shall not be involved in hostilities at all, for the most ignorant of our ill-wishers knows that, of all powers on earth, England is incomparably the most powerful in a long struggle. *Timor Angliæ initium sapientiæ* is the truest of maxims, after a war has lasted for a few months.

Of course, if Mr. Gladstone's plans for
LIVING AGE. VOL. LIX. 3046

Ireland, or anything like them, were in evil hour to be carried into effect, our whole military system would have to be revised in the light of the certainty of having, at no distant period, to put down armed rebellion in Ireland, assisted, probably, by a foreign force. This would complicate not a little all our military questions, and probably end in making the calamity of some form of conscription a necessity.

As to the questions open between Lord Randolph Churchill and his late colleagues, with regard to the efficiency of War Office or Admiralty expenditure, it is next to impossible for any one who has not been long behind the scenes in Pall Mall and Whitehall to form any judgment worth having, but it certainly would be very comforting to that large portion of the public which considers, as I do, that the colossal armaments of the Continent force the most Cobdenic of us to approve of largely increasing our national insurance fund, to know, from authority, that that insurance fund is really being expended to the best advantage.

In the present state of Europe even vaster sums than those now voted would be voted with alacrity, if only it could be proved that we are really getting twenty shillings' worth for a pound. We are certainly not doing that; but it is quite possible that we are getting very much more than the critics of the two great spending departments say. The failure of costly experiments is not peculiar to England; but, after what has occurred, it would be to the advantage alike of the first lord of the admiralty and the secretary of state for war to have the facts, in so far as they can properly be published, set forth in the reports of a couple of strong committees or commissions.

Whatever faults there may be within the departments, they are as nothing compared to the difficulties which are inherent in our system.

In ordinary times these difficulties are next to insuperable. A powerful opposition, normally nearly equal in number to the party in power, is ever ready to say that the government is recklessly extravagant. There is not a penny to choose in this matter between Liberals and Conservatives. Military and naval men fancy that there is, and that Liberal governments are inclined to starve the services. That is all nonsense, as any one, whatever be his political predilections, knows, if he has been behind the scenes. All ministers, of whatever color, want to make their

own departments as efficient as possible, in their own interest. They all hate the Treasury, the natural enemy of all. Over all of them the abhorred necessity of keeping down their estimates, often at the cost of efficiency, hangs like a plague cloud.

These, however, are not ordinary times.

The state of parties at this moment, eminently unsatisfactory from many points of view, is perhaps such as to make it easier to deal with questions relating to the defence of the country in a broad national spirit, than it has been for a very long time. For the present government can rely on an amount of support outside its own ranks, of the most exceptional kind. There is every reason to expect that Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Stanhope, both men of ability, and both with their spurs to win as Cabinet ministers, will not let slip a great opportunity of doing a notable service to the commonwealth.

They would be more than human if they were not also to remember that, for years to come, the fact that they had taken hold of the skirts of happy chance, to spend whatever their best advisers think necessary for our security, will be a feather in the cap of the political connection to which they belong.

If we who so long sat opposite them have to regret that they have obtained the credit which might have been won for us, had the laws of perspective been more regarded in the pictures put before the country by some of our leaders, whose fault is that?

In the summer of 1881 the colonies had already begun to attract a greater amount of attention than had been the case for some time, and an honorable member put upon the paper a motion in favor of confederation, on the basis of a commercial union, and under the control of a legislative assembly, in which the whole empire, with its colonies and dependencies, should be represented.

If this motion had ever come on, it would have been my duty, as being then in charge of colonial affairs in the House of Commons, to have replied to it. I should have had no difficulty, I think, in showing that the discussion raised was of a purely academic character, and that proposals of that kind, though a natural outcome of an increased interest in the colonies, were altogether premature and visionary. During the six years that have elapsed since the motion of which I am speaking was handed to the clerk at the table, there has been a great deal of dis-

cussion, and a step has been taken by the present government which deserves to meet with general approbation.

Among many advantages which will arise from the recent Colonial Conference, I consider that the better understanding established between the Colonial Office and the colonies must have a high place; and henceforward, I trust, that extremely well-organized and intelligent department will receive more credit than has hitherto fallen to its lot.

It is curious to observe how often even well-informed public writers underrate its efficiency. All agree that Sir Henry Holland presided over the deliberations of the Conference with great tact and skill; but I am very sure that he was helped in doing that, not a little, by his long training in the Colonial Office, and his intimate relations with its *personnel*.

No one who has been accustomed to the transactions of business in which two or more governments are engaged, can have failed to observe the immense advantages that accrue from bringing, from time to time, the people who direct these governments into personal communication, provided always they do not distinctly desire to disagree. It is incredible how many difficulties, which are caused by maladroitness of phrase in written communications, by the ill-temper of subordinates, or by pure accident, are brushed away when differences can be talked over round a table.

In another matter connected with the colonies I observe a very great advance. When in August, 1879, the formation of an Indian and Colonial Museum was brought before the House of Commons, very few people cared anything about the matter.

It was then said: "We want a place to which not only members of Parliament and other privileged persons can go and learn without cost and without trouble what our colonies and dependencies are, where they are, what sort of things they produce, what chances the inquirers or persons in whom they may be interested have of bettering their condition or pushing their fortunes in those countries, what attractive advertisements with regard to our colonies and dependencies are mere wills of the wisp, what little known and unregarded sources of wealth there may be in those regions which have not yet received bold advertisement. What we want is a place, to the creation of which the mother country on the one hand, her colonies and dependencies on the other, shall contribute, the object of which shall

be to bring them nearer each to each for the common advantage of all. It appears to me that there is hardly any knowledge which is more likely to be useful to a British citizen, whether born in the colonies, India, or at home, than a wide knowledge of the gigantic empire to which he belongs. That knowledge and the feelings that naturally come of it are true imperialism, the best antidote to false imperialism."

Now, views, which had then very few defenders, are taking shape under the most august patronage, in the Imperial Institute.

An unpretending, but important, change has been made by the establishment, under the supervision of the secretary of state for the colonies of the Emigrants' Information Office.

Meantime the empire has gone on steadily growing. North Borneo was added just before I went away, but that is a small affair, not so big as Scotland. In 1884 we took over Bechuanaland, equal to about six Scotlands, and in the same year assumed the protectorate over the vast Niger districts, in which is the theatre of the operations of the Royal Niger Company (under the enlightened guidance of Lord Aberdare), which received in 1886 enormous powers of administration.

We have acquired, too, another outlying farm in New Guinea, not quite equal in size to three Scotlands, and only the other day the governor of Natal took over a large slice of Zululand.

In 1881 I had a good deal to say about Cyprus, then recently transferred to the department with which I had been connected. It may have cost us, from the 1st of April, 1881, up to the end of the last financial year, something like a quarter of a million, but the revenue creeps up, and none of its inhabitants have, I apprehend, any real reason to regret our occupation of their island, unless it be the locusts and the goats, which are having, it would seem, a much worse time than they had a few years ago, when I used to hear more about their proceedings.

A great and far-reaching change has been recently inaugurated by the opening of the line of communication across Canada, between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

It would be easy to conceive circumstances under which the possession of this alternative line of communication might be of the greatest possible importance to Great Britain.

Meantime, all Europe has been engaged in a game of "catch who catch can," in

which almost everybody has got something in the way of colonies, even Spain, which has been moderate enough to content herself with the not very promising acquisition of the western Sahara.

Quite the strangest political development which has taken place in the last six years is the formal constitution of the Congo Free State, under the sovereignty of the king of the Belgians, but not in any way connected with Belgium or its government. This pleasant little royal peculium, which could not well have a more kindly or intelligent ruler, is just about the size of our possessions in India, including our recent annexation of upper Burmah, but the population is comparatively small, say about that of Italy.

In India little has occurred during the last six years which requires notice in a brief summary like this. Men have come and gone, policies have been introduced and modified; but the one great fact to be kept in mind is this: that, in spite of the embarrassing proceedings of the rupee, the last six years, by comparison with those which preceded them, have been years of splendid prosperity. In so huge a country there will be always something to create trouble and anxiety; but the last six years have seen nothing faintly comparable to the hideous misfortunes which saddened their immediate predecessors—the Afghan war, with its expenditure (well on to twenty millions), and the south Indian famine, which, in spite of efforts such as no government that has existed since the earth turned on its axis ever made, cost the peninsula something like the population of London.

We have added during this time somewhat to our national responsibilities. I am one of those who deprecated for years the annexation of upper Burmah, but acquiesced in it, at last, as a sad necessity, and it looks now as if, in spite of the troubles from rebels and brigandage, it were going to turn out, on the whole, a better financial bargain than was expected.

It is strange to me how people in this country ever imagined that Burmah would settle down without giving us a good deal of trouble. Lower Burmah did not; why should upper Burmah have done so? If the violent storm which broke over Madras, just before Sir Harry Prendergast and his troops embarked, had lasted twenty-four hours longer, it would have cost us many more lives to get to Mandalay, for the boom on the Irrawaddy, just above our frontier, would have been completed, and behind it the Italian engineers in the ser-

vice of Theebaw would have quietly finished all the very strong works which they had begun to construct, right up to the capital.

Sir Harry Prendergast said to me, the night before he started, "Our real difficulties will begin when we have got to Mandalay," and he turned out to be a true prophet.

On the whole, although we have lost many valuable lives, and spent much money, I think we have thus far got off not badly, and that Lord Dufferin may be congratulated upon a series of measures in which, ably seconded by Sir Harry Prendergast, the lamented Sir Herbert Macpherson, and Sir Frederick Roberts, he has shown himself at once prompt, resolute, conciliatory, and fortunate, as equal to "the occasion sudden, and the practice dangerous," as to all other combinations of circumstances with which he has had to deal in his long and brilliant career.

The passing of the small island of Socotra from the status of a protected to that of a dependent territory, and the extension of our protectorate over the Somali coast, are recent results of our position in the Indian seas which can hardly excite either satisfaction or regret.

If, passing from the great concerns of the nation, I inquire in what spirit these great concerns are likely to be treated, I find it very difficult to frame an answer. If any one were to ask me: "Are the Anglo-Indians of 1887 materially changed from those of 1857; would they, if anything like a new mutiny were to break out, meet it as their predecessors did?" I would reply: "They have acquired a good many fresh merits, and some fresh defects, but substantially they are the same. You may count on them for the old high-hearted resolution in trouble, and, if you do not hamper them by the telegraph, for the same wise severity in stamping out rebellion."

But how is it in England? I hear some of the ablest people "inside politics" say: "Yes, we fully admit all you urge. The paralysis of the House of Commons is frightful, and threatens the very existence of representative government in this country. The queen's authority has practically ceased to exist in various parts of Ireland, and there are ominous symptoms in some portion of Great Britain that any accident may let loose anarchic forces, with which the ordinary law cannot cope. We know all that; we know that strong measures are necessary if we would

not drift on to frightful calamities, but we know also that the people won't stand wrong measures. Tell a gathering of local wire-pullers that strong measures are necessary, and see what they will say!"

Now, is this true, or is it not? If it be true, surely the duty of all men who have attained a position which enables their opinion to count for anything in the country, and who believe that strong measures are necessary, is to say so. It may cost them their political careers, if the nerveless spirit which has dictated some recent utterances has really gone as wide as it has gone deep in certain sections of our society; but if there ever were a cause in which it was worth while for honest men to sacrifice their political careers, surely this is that cause.

And in doing so, not one of the persons of whom I am thinking would abjure a single opinion which he held in 1881. The old Liberal party, in which every one of them grew up, the offspring of the good traditions of Whiggism, enlightened by the wise teaching of Bentham and his followers on the one hand, as of Cobden and his followers on the other, had absolutely nothing in common with the neo-Radicalism, or whatever else it is to be called, which is lineally descended from the teaching of Rousseau.

This neo-Radicalism is not a development of Liberal principles; it is as far removed from them as are the views of the party which was finally overthrown in 1832. The Liberal party existed to incorporate in our statute book and in the management of our national affairs, without haste, yet without rest, the teachings of those whom it accepted as their theoretic guides; but neither Rousseau nor any of his children, whether of the gushing or blood-drinking order, were ever amongst these.

When we have incorporated in our national life all the best things they had to teach, then by all means let us go further afield and see if there is anything in the neo-Radicalism which we can assimilate. "Seu vetus est verum diligo sive novum."

Till, however, that time arrives, let us keep our well-matured views before the country, and try to get them carried into effect. There never yet was a democracy which took, and there never will be a democracy which will take the right road, unless it is led by right-minded, highly instructed leaders; and he is a traitor to the democracy, as well as to his own conscience, who, believing that anarchy is

ruining the House of Commons, ruining Ireland, threatening Great Britain, and distracting her attention not only from her internal affairs but from those defensive measures which are required to make this empire and all parts thereof reasonably secure from attack, does not say so with as much energy as he can command.

From Chambers' Journal.
RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIP MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CUTTING THE CABLE.

JOSEPHINE's spirits went up like a cork in water when she left Hanford. She liked Lady Brentwood. She was fond of society, and the society met at Brentwood Hall was usually agreeable. Lady Brentwood was an admirable hostess; the baronet, a cheery, kind man, who rather petted and flattered Josephine. But these were not the prime causes of her exhilaration. She was rejoiced for a few hours to be free of Richard, who was to her a constant cause of anxiety and annoyance. She, in her way, was feeling the same reaction that rushed over Richard when he came among his friends at the Anchor. She asked herself now why she had married him, and was not able at once to find the true answer. She had, in fact, taken him for several reasons. She never had really loved him; but she had been grateful to him, and she had been attracted by his simplicity, integrity, and manliness — by the contrast he presented to her father. But perversity had had its part in bringing her to marry Richard. She knew that by so doing she would anger her father and offend her aunt; and having lost all respect for both, she went headlong in a course, which, because disapproved by them, she argued must be right. Without any fixed standards of right, she was swayed by her impulses, often good, but sometimes exaggerated till all the goodness was lost. She had felt her need of a guide; but Richard was useless to her; he was a drag, an encumbrance, a cause of perplexity. Now, she recognized the justice of her father's opposition, and regretted that she had not received it with respect. In her self-condemnation she was drawn towards her father as she had never been drawn before. She had re-

volted against his contemptuous disregard for truth and cynical disparagement of sincerity. Now, she began to see that he was not wholly in the wrong. Truth, sincerity, are raw and rude virtues, not to be taken up in their natural state in the lump, but to be minced, and spiced, and rolled into forced-meat balls, or tucked into *pâtés* and garnished and glossed over, and served round as a *hors-d'œuvre*. Life is not to be sustained thereon; they are to be picked at and taken in small portions at the end of a fork.

Naked truth is a savage virtue fit only for naked savages, suitable to an age when men ate acorns and beechmast. Civilization from its first initiation was a covering up and disguising of truth. No cultured man speaks the bare truth to his neighbor, but rubs off its edges and smooths and polishes it. The bare truth blinds like the sun, and must be looked at through smoked glass. The perfectly true man is insufferable to every man he comes in contact with. Aristotle may have called the perfect man *tetragonos*, four-square, but such a man is full of angles, which impinge on and bruise his neighbors. Everything in life is full of disguise; truth is enveloped in as many coverings as a Chinese ivory carved puzzle-ball — the charm lies in the sculpture of the coats, not in the pip within. Our clothing, from the first apron of leaves, is disguise; our speech is the veil we throw over our thoughts; the courtesies of life are the figments which interpose between us and our fellows, to prevent our coming to blows. These thoughts passed through Josephine's brain; and she began to admit that her father was not so much in fault as she had supposed, and that she was premature in condemning him. She gravitated towards him, now that she was in this humor; and his quick observation showed him that he had acquired an ascendancy over her he had not previously possessed.

When they were at Brentwood Hall, some time elapsed before dinner, whilst their hostess was engaged. Then Josephine took her father's arm and they wandered together into the conservatory. He saw that she desired to speak with him on what was uppermost in her breast, yet she was shy of opening the subject. "Do you care for begonias, papa?" she asked. "I think they are not attractive plants. They have nothing but their color in their favor. Oh, do look at the maiden-hair fern! How prettily it is grown in cork along the walls; and see! it springs up

luxuriantly in every cranny between the joints of the pavement. It will not flourish thus with us."

"It wants warmth, and hates a draught. To every plant a proper climate is needed that it may thrive. Bring the coarse bracken in here, and it will spindle; put a maiden-hair out of doors, and it will languish."

"What a pity it is, papa, that there is no managing a fernery at our place! The pipes heat the vines and flowers; and if another house were added on, there would not be heat enough to warm it. It is a pity Cousin Gabriel contrived his green-houses so badly that there is no enlarging them without complete reconstruction."

"My dear, we should build our houses and shape our futures without corners for pities to lodge."

"What do you mean, papa?"

"I mean that we should well consider what we are about to do; and then, when we have acted, we shall not be exclaiming: 'What a pity! what a pity! I did not see this before.' In all our plans, we should contrive to let the pities be outside, like the vents for sewage gas."

Josephine knew that her father was thinking of her and what she had done. "We cannot always help ourselves; the pities will come."

"They *may* come, where forethought has been exercised; where it has not, they *will* come."

"And when they are there?"

"We must get rid of them if we can."

"That is easier said than done," observed Josephine.

To which her father remarked in answer: "Where there is a will there is a way."

They walked on together for some little way without speaking; but presently Mr. Cornellis said with a tone of voice that conveyed a sneer: "Among the many pities that occur, there is one strikes me with peculiar force at this moment—that the Wadi el Arabah is dry."

"Why so?"

"Because, if there were water communication between the Gulf of Akabah and the Dead Sea, that intelligent and adventuresome sailor, your good husband, might be sent in the yacht to Jericho."

"Papa!" Josephine sighed.

"As there is not," pursued Mr. Cornellis, "might he not be induced to attempt the north-west passage? There would be, to be sure, the chance of his getting crystallized in an iceberg—like a mastodon."

Josephine shrank from her father; she

unlocked her arm from his; his tone offended her.

"One thing is certain," said he. "Richard is reduced to abject misery; he is weary of life among us. I give him his due. He knows he is out of his element. He wants but a touch to convert his rotary orbit about you into a parabola, with a perihelion at remote intervals."

He waited a few minutes for her to speak, but she said nothing. Her face was troubled.

"It is said," continued Mr. Cornellis, "that if you give a man rope enough, he will hang himself. You, my dear—he looked at her out of the corners of his eyes—"you have been given plenty of cable, and are beginning to throttle. In self-defence, you must *cut your cable*."

This was all that passed between them, but it sufficed. Her father had shown Josephine the only way out of her present difficulties. The alienation must be made complete; she and her husband must separate without scandal, with mutual consent. Each was in a wrong position, and felt uncomfortable. But would Richard as readily agree to this arrangement as herself? He loved her, and she did not love him. He had his nice notions of duty, which might keep him dangling about her. But there was a greater impediment than this—his children. Would he be induced to leave them? Would he be persuaded to depart with them? How could she even suggest to him that he should do this? For the first time, she felt an impatience of the children boil up in her. "Little cumbersome pests!" she said, as she put on her bracelets, but she did not allude to the bracelets.

She was beautifully dressed at dinner—a creamy white silk with orange flowers and lace; round her neck was a chain of pearls. She looked strikingly beautiful. Her clear olive cheek was flushed with excitement, and her large brown eyes were full of light. By day, the white would not have suited her complexion; but it was otherwise at night. She was taken into dinner by the baronet, and she exerted herself to be agreeable. Sir John was a very old friend, whom she had known since she was a child, one who had humored and encouraged her, and laughed at her sharp speeches. Not a word did he say about Richard. He expressed no regret that he was not present. He asked her about her voyage, about Heligoland and Bremerhaven, and Hamburg and the Danish isles, which she had visited on her wedding tour. He had a yacht of his

own, and at one time had gone about in it a good deal; but of late years he had felt his age, and given up the boat to his son. As we get old, we do not lose our love of the amusements of our youth; but we feel the labor that attends them, and the effort we make in taking our pleasure neutralizes the pleasure itself.

On the other side of Josephine sat Captain Sellwood, who had taken into dinner a heavy young lady. The captain made a few cumbrous attempts at conversation, which fell dead, and were followed by periods of silence.

"I hear the discharge of minute-guns," said Josephine in a low tone to him. "You and your convoy make no way. I am a fast clipper, and have come to the rescue."

She was in good spirits. She was sorry for the captain, whom she had affronted when he proposed to her, and she was eager now to make all the amends in her power. Accordingly, when not engaged with Sir John, she threw herself with energy into the difficult task of waking up and maintaining a conversation with Captain Sellwood and his partner. She was only partially successful. She was like a boy trying to fly a kite when there is little wind. When he runs and lugs at the string, up goes the kite; when he desists, it heads downward and lies inert upon the grass. As the captain was at her side, Josephine was not subjected to the gaze of his solemn, ox-like eyes. This was a relief to her; she could not have endured the scrutiny. With some, when they look at you, you can see in their eyes what ideas they have formed, favorable or otherwise, concerning you. There is a certain amount of satisfaction in that; but with Captain Sellwood it was not possible to do so; there was no reading anything in them.

Josephine was playing an unreal part. At the bottom of her heart lay a leaden burden of care and mortification, but she gave no token of it in her conduct. Her face was full of smiles, her eyes of humor.

"When are you going back to India?" she asked of the captain.

He did not know exactly—he had a long leave of absence, on account of ill-health.

"General torpidity?" asked Josephine.

"A torpid liver—yes. Perhaps I may have to leave the army."

Then she turned to Sir John Brentwood, and noticed Lady Brentwood bowing; so she rose, and the ladies followed

her into the drawing-room. As she passed her father, she caught his eye; it said plainly: "You are queen here now only because Richard is absent."

The drawing-room of Brentwood House was a long room, occupying the entire garden front of the mansion. It was lit with tall Queen Anne windows, now covered with pea-green curtains embroidered with yellow and brown heart's-eases. The room was panelled and painted creamy white, the mouldings picked out with gold.

All the furniture was in white and gold and pea-green. The ceiling was remarkably rich with wreaths of plaster-work flowers and fruits in the style of Grinling Gibbons. Between the windows were full-length family portraits, some of great beauty—giving color and depth of tone to a room otherwise pale in its decorations. There was one famous painting there, by Gainsborough, of a Lady Brentwood seated by the seashore under a tree, listening to the murmur of the waves in a shell that she held to her ear. She was in white satin, with a black lace scarf thrown lightly over her head. Blue bows adorned her dress. Gulls flitted over the deep-blue sea in the background. The expression of the sweet face was one of melancholy; and a look of yearning for something far away was cleverly depicted in the eyes. That something far away was her husband, Sir Beaulieu Brentwood, who hung between another pair of windows—a gorgeous figure in crimson satin. He went by the name of Red Ruin in the family, because of the disasters he had brought on it. The picture had been painted in Italy. The dress was fantastic, worn at a masquerade, borrowed or hired from the *garde-robe* of some theatre—red stockings, slashed trunk-hose and jacket, a hat with crimson feather.

"You are looking at Red Ruin," said Lady Brentwood. "Fortunately for the family, he fell abroad in a duel. He had eloped with a Roman princess, and was run through the body by the husband. If he had lived a year or two longer, the Brentwoods would now be nowhere, the estate sold, the family irretrievably impoverished."

Josephine studied the Gainsborough.

"His poor wife," said Lady Brentwood, "looks like patience on a monument, smiling at grief. He deserted her, treated her shamefully, hardly allowed her enough to live upon; and yet she forgave everything, and was, I believe, the only person who wept true tears at his death. I do not think I should sigh, and look so longingly

for his return, had Sir John played me these tricks. I am cast in another mould. Some folks would be glad enough to be rid of their husbands. You, my dear, have not been married long enough to know what a relief it is to be quit of them for a while. Bless me! what is all that noise in the hall? What a clatter the servants are making!" Just then a footman entered. "Thompson," she said, "what is the meaning of this? Are you all gone mad?"

"Please, my lady, might I speak to your ladyship a moment outside?"

"What is it? I insist on knowing. What has happened? Speak out, Thompson."

"My lady, there's — a man, a fellow got into the house in his shirt-sleeves and without his hat."

"Well, turn him out. Is he tipsy?"

"We can't make out, my lady, exactly. The butler has had a deal of work getting him into the housekeeper's room."

"How vexing! Send for the game-keepers, and have him expelled. Is he insane?"

"We don't know what to make of him, my lady. He says he's come after his wife."

"Wife — wife! She's not here. He must be tipsy."

"He's very hot and excited, my lady; he says as his name is Cable."

Lady Brentwood started.

Josephine's blood rushed in a wave to her heart, and then poured through all her veins, like the bore in the Severn. For a moment the room spun round and she saw nothing distinctly; but she speedily recovered herself, and with crimson brow and eyes that flamed with anger, she said: "Let me go, dear Lady Brentwood. I will see him." Then she left the room, with firm foot but bounding heart, and pulses in her temples that smote like hammers. "Lead the way, Thompson!" she said haughtily. "The man desires, possibly, to speak with me."

The footman conducted her along a passage and down steps to the parlor of the housekeeper, a room that smelt of preserves. She was followed by her hostess, ready to retire if need be, but desirous to be at hand to prevent scandal.

In the housekeeper's room was Richard Cable in an armchair, the butler and the housekeeper by him endeavoring to compose him. He was in a condition of great agitation. His face hot, his hair wet, he was panting for breath; his sleeves were unbuttoned at the wrist, his

tie twisted to one side of his neck. His collars were limp and crumpled.

"If you will kindly leave me alone with him," said Josephine, controlling herself, and turning to the housekeeper and butler, "I will send him away." Turning round, she saw Lady Brentwood in the doorway. "Dear Lady Brentwood," she said, going a step towards her, "I am ashamed and grieved that you should have been disturbed. Let me manage this matter. I will dismiss him very speedily."

Her hostess at once withdrew, and the servants disappeared. When she was left alone in the room with Richard, she stood opposite him, looking at him with angry brow and eyes that darted flashes of fire. Her teeth, her lips, her hands, were clenched. Her eyebrows were contracted, so that they met above her nose. His breast was heaving; drops of sweat stood on his brow and rolled down his face like raindrops.

"Well," she said at length, "are you going to speak and inform me as to the reason of this new outrage? Are you bent on driving me to curse the day that I ever took your hand to raise you out of the gutter?"

He did not answer; he could not; his breath was spent; the blood boiled and sang in his ears. Perhaps he did not hear her words.

Why had he come? He did not ask himself this question. It did not occur to him to ask it. He had come, impelled by a natural instinct, not by any articulate reason. She was his wife, the one who stood nearest to him in the whole world. He had committed a crime; he was conscious of an agony of remorse and terror which filled him. To whom should he fly in such an hour of supreme pain but to his wife, to pour into her ear the story of his trouble, to ask her sympathy, her assistance?

He had not stopped to consider; had he done so, he might have hesitated; he might have doubted whether she was a person ready to meet him with open arms and comfort him in his sorrow. But he did not stay to think; he ran straight forward, thrust on by remorse. His mind was dazed with despair, incapable of thinking, and so he acted upon natural, unreasoning instinct. To whom other than a wife should he turn — the refuge of a tortured soul, the proper sharer in every sorrow, the only one who with a ray of love could enlighten the darkness which enveloped his brain and heart? Now his wife stood before him, with bare bust and arms, in white silk and lace and flowers,

wearing pearls about her neck and sparkling bracelets on her arms, with long white gloves, neatly buttoned, and a fan in one hand.

Richard Cable looked at her ; and now, for the first time since he had started on his run, did the thought emerge out of the confusion and pain in him, that this beautiful, dazzling, stately creature was not one to solace, advise, and help him.

"What is it?" she asked in a hard tone; and as she spoke, there sprang up in her mind the recollection of her father's words, "Cut your cable," and she saw that the desired opportunity had arrived.

She waited a moment, and then said again, "I have asked you twice, what is the meaning of this insult?" Then, with concentrated bitterness: "Are you too tipsy to speak?"

He raised his hands and clasped his head: "I have killed — or hurt —"

"Whom?"

"Little Bessie! I let her fall — on the stone floor — little Bessie!" Then he broke down, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed.

She stood unmoved before him. She waited a moment for him to recover himself, then in the same hard tone she asked, "What have you come here for?"

"For you."

"For me? Why? Bessie is no child of mine. Go back!"

"Will you not come with me?"

"I — I go with you!" She laughed contemptuously. " *Ici je m'amuse parfaitement bien.* You do not understand French. It does not matter — you can gather the sense." She turned her back on him and left the room.

CHAPTER XXX.

NOT TO BE RESPICED.

ON the modern stage, when persons have to disappear or properties to be removed without interruption of scenes, a steam or smoke is raised, or veils of imperceptible gauze are let down, behind which the requisite operations can be performed unobserved by the spectators. Similiar appliances have been in use on the social stage for many generations to disguise what we do not wish to be seen. It was so on this occasion. The movement of social entertainment went on uninterrupted; the gentlemen came from their wine; the tea was handed round; ladies sang and performed on the piano; Lady Brentwood had agreeable things to say to all her guests; the smoke of small-

talk and the veil etiquette screened the unpleasant episode which had just been enacted, and which had created some disturbance.

The hostess herself knew no particulars, and she was careful to ask no questions. When Josephine reappeared, she covered her embarrassment cleverly by thanking her for having fetched her music, and insisting on her taking her place at the piano and giving the company one of her charming songs. Josephine went to her portfolio and took out the first piece that met her hand without particularly noticing what it was. She knew perfectly all the pieces she had put together, and there needed no choosing where music is used not as a delectation, but as a cover to the voices of talkers. When she took her place on the stool and unfolded the paper, she found that she had selected the mermaid's song from Oberon. She struck the first chords listlessly, and then regretted that she had taken this piece, for with the air came over her the recollection of the lightship and of Dicky Cable's whistle. "I will never, never sing it again," she thought as she closed it. "That is the last of the mermaid."

Next day, Lady Brentwood persuaded Josephine and her father to prolong their visit over another night. There was a garden party that afternoon, and another dinner in the evening, when a very musical acquaintance, a man who wrote critiques in some of the papers, a man steeped in Wagner to the chin, was coming; and Josephine, said her host, would be sure to like to meet him and discuss Wagner with him and the merits of her favorite Weber. Josephine was a heretic; she despised Mendelssohn, thought him a great prophet of musical commonplace, and had shocked Lady Brentwood. "My dear," she said, "we will refer the matter to Mr. Wayland Smith; you must stop for dinner, and hear what he has to say about Mendelssohn. I dare say you may be right about these songs without words, but none but a master could have written the Scotch Symphony."

So Josephine and her father remained; and at table her hostess managed to set Mr. Wayland Smith next to her, though he did not take her in to dinner. Josephine was passionately fond of music, but she had not had extended opportunities of hearing much. Her father took her to town occasionally to concerts and the opera; but, after all, the circle of operas performed in town is a small one — "Trovatore," "Roberto," the "Prophète,"

"Rigoletto"—now and then "Lohengrin," "Trovatore" again, *toujours Trovatore*. Mr. Wayland Smith had gone through a German course, hated Italian music, and had much to say about composers of whom the English musical world knew nothing, and whom, therefore, it despised—Marschner, Lorzing, Nicolai, etc.

Josephine spent a very enjoyable evening. She sang for Mr. Wayland Smith, and very good-humoredly and frankly accepted his criticisms. He looked over her portfolio, and with a blue pencil scored some of her pieces. "When you get home," he said, "tear these to fragments and strew them to the winds; it is worse than waste of time to play rubbish."

Josephine quite forgot about Richard Cable and his injured child, in the interest she felt in the conversation of the musical critic. She made him write down a list of pieces for her to get and learn.

"I knew," said Lady Brentwood, "that you would enjoy yourself when I persuaded you to stay."

"Dear Lady Brentwood, I have not spent such a pleasant evening for a long time. I forgot all my worries."

"You have worries?"

"Like every one else. But—I am glad now to learn that I am not alone in my heresy. Mr. Wayland Smith shrugged his shoulders over Mendelssohn, and said the songs without words were fit only for schoolgirls."

Josephine had banished her worries from her thoughts while at Brentwood House; but when she returned to Hanford they returned with renewed force to disturb her peace. Her conscience, which had slept whilst away from home, now uncoiled and stretched itself. She felt qualms at the recollection of her treatment of Richard.

Her father had asked no questions about what had happened; he seemed to have divined all. As she descended from the carriage, and he gave her his hand, he said, "Take care—no respicing of cut cables." In no other way did he allude to what had occurred.

Richard was not at the house when they arrived. He did not come out into the porch to meet her. She hardly expected to see him, yet she felt disappointed that he was not there.

"Is Mr. Cable about the garden?" she asked of the butler.

"No, ma'am; he's not been here for some time. There's been an accident, ma'am."

"Is the child much hurt?" she inquired with a slight tremor in her voice.

"I do not know, ma'am, for certain. Shall I send the boy down to inquire how the young lady is?"

Young lady! Tiny Bessie a young lady! What condescension of John Thomas to call the poor little child, the sailor's babe, a young lady!

"Never mind," she answered. "I dare say I shall step down myself and ask. The case is not serious?"

The butler bowed, put his hand to his mouth to cover a cough, and said in an apologetic tone: "Certainly not, ma'am—only the spine is injured, and the child will be a cripple for life."

Josephine shuddered and turned white. Then she went up-stairs; her hand shook as she removed her bonnet. What should she do? Ought she not to go at once to the cottage? She and her father had lunched at Brentwood, and did not return till the afternoon. As she sat and thought what line of conduct she should pursue, the first bell rang for dinner. She dressed hastily. It was too late for her to go then. Perhaps she would run down after dinner.

Josephine could not eat anything at dinner; she picked the food in her plate, and sent it away. She could not talk; she had lost her interest in Wagner, and prejudice against Mendelssohn. Her aunt asked whom she had met at Brentwood, and how she had amused herself; and her father watched her; she changed color during dinner several times, and complained of the heat, though the evening was cold. She was thinking of Bessie, the poor little blue-eyed fair-haired child, that had put its little fingers to her mouth, and whose palm she had kissed. This little creature crippled for life—a whole future darkened! How had the accident happened? Richard was so careful, how came he to let the child fall? Josephine knew how his heart was wrapped about his little ones, how especially dear to him was that innocent babe, and she knew that he must be suffering acutely. He had been suffering whilst she had been enjoying herself. Whilst she had been discussing Mendelssohn with Mr. Wayland Smith, he had been eagerly questioning the surgeon as to the life of the sufferer. Richard would never forgive her for her want of sympathy. She had cut her cable indeed—through and through, with sharp knife and remorseless hand.

She could not remain with her aunt in the drawing-room after dinner: she went into the hall and threw a shawl over her

head and wrapped it round her neck. Now she was cold, shivering. A moment ago she was hardly able to breathe, and was fanning herself because of the heat.

Her father came out of the dining-room. "Whither are you wandering, my pretty maid?" he asked. "After poppies and nightingales?"

"Papa," she said, "I must go. It is wicked not to make inquiries. I cannot send; I must go myself. Richard will never forgive me."

"Well," said he coldly, "it is best as it is. Good words will not mend broken bones. You have missed the chance, if you sought reconciliation. It is too late now. I will go to the cottage and make inquiries. Let matters take their course. Penelope unstitched at night what she had sewn in the day. Do not you try to sew up what you have unravelled." He took her shawl off her shoulders. She submitted, and went back into the parlor to her aunt. He was right; it was too late.

Josephine retired early to bed; she was too uneasy to talk or settle to anything. When in bed, she could not sleep. Her mind became restlessly active; every trouble doubled itself in bulk. Wrongs done her grew in grievousness, her own faults darkened in color. When she thought of the annoyance Richard had caused her by his ill-considered action in coming to Brentwood, her veins glowed, her head throbbed, and her eyes burnt in their sockets. She could not forgive this — this humiliation, to which he had subjected her before her hostess and the servants of the house. If he took offence at her conduct, it was unreasonable of him; the aggravation had been excessive. If he refused to be reconciled, it was well that it should be so; she could be happy without him; it was abundantly proved that she could not be happy with him. Next moment, she thought of Richard running to seek her, to pour out his grief into her bosom. She saw him, under the starlit sky, in his shirt-sleeves, running with the sweat streaming from his face, and his breath issuing in snorts through his nostrils. Why had he come for her, instead of going straight home to his child? He had run to her in perfect reliance on her goodness of heart and ready sympathy. She was ashamed of herself; she had wounded his heart where it was most susceptible. She resolved, in spite of her father's advice, to go to the cottage next morning, acknowledge her fault, and make her peace with Richard. Then she saw rise up before her in the darkness of her

room the white form of Gainsborough's Lady Brentwood, with the shell to her ear, listening to the roar of the sea, with a far-off, wistful, longing look in her eyes. Would she — Josephine — ever feel such a longing for her husband as Lady Brentwood had for Red Ruin? No — that was not possible. A woman might lose her heart to a rake in satin and velvet, might forgive infidelities; but she could not love a common sailor, and pardon a lapse in grammar. Red Ruin had deserted his wife, but he did not put his knife in his mouth; he had eloped with a princess, but he had held fast to the letters *h* and *v*. Therefore, it was quite permissible and possible that Lady Brentwood should feel tenderness for Sir Beaulieu; but she, Josephine, could never experience such a yearning of the soul for her husband, were he to be absent and become indifferent. The clock struck four before she fell asleep.

When she woke, she had come round to her father's opinion — that the breach having once been made, it must not be filled in. She regretted that she had appeared unfeeling in the matter of little Bessie; but we cannot pick our occasions, and if Richard came to interrupt her with unwelcome news when she was engaged — she very naturally lost her temper and spoke unsympathetically. A rupture with Richard was inevitable; the occasion had come; it was not quite such as she would have chosen, but having come, she must take advantage of it. It would pave the way to a separation, and Richard might be induced to leave Hanford. If he would not go, she was resolved to depart herself; they could not live together in the same place in different houses and moving in different social spheres.

In this mood she abode the whole forenoon; but after lunch, she sat in the garden by herself. Aunt Judith had gone upstairs to take a nap; her father was away with the agent who had called. Then a reaction set in, and she felt that she had been heartless. Her better self prevailed. Her pride stood in the way for some while, but went down at last. She tried to stay it up with the thought that Richard could not care much for her, or he would have returned to the Hall; but her efforts availed nothing.

She rose from the garden seat, went through the gate, and walked to the cottage, without saying a word to any one.

The elder children were at school, to be out of the way. Mrs. Cable had gone to

the surgery for medicine; and when Josephine entered the house, Richard was there alone in the kitchen, watching and soothing the baby.

He looked up as she entered. He was on one knee by the cradle; the afternoon sun streamed in at the little window on his face and dazzled him, so that at first he was unable to distinguish his visitor. Josephine noticed a change in him. His cheeks seemed to have fallen in; his eyes were hollow, and his hair had lost its spring and curl. The temples stood out, but the flesh had sunk into pits beneath them. He looked ten years older. But she saw that there was change of another sort in his face as well. The expression was altered. The light, the trust, had vanished from it; its frank kindness had disappeared. Across the brows lay deep furrows, and the mouth was contracted. The man was not so much oldened as embittered.

"Richard!" said Josephine, "I have come to know the truth about dear little Bessie."

He started at her voice; the furrows on his brow became deeper, and his teeth clenched, giving his jaw a heavy look it never had worn before. He put up his hand to shade his eyes from the sun, and he looked steadily at her for a minute without answering. In the shadow of his hand, his eyes looked large and threatening. Presently, in a strangely altered voice, he said, "Bessie is no child of yours, and concerns you not."

"I beg your pardon, Richard," said Josephine, after a constrained pause. She was hurt by his rebuff, although she acknowledged to her heart that it was deserved. "I am sorry that I spoke petulantly the other night; but you must acknowledge that you did a very unwise thing—certain to exasperate me. You put me in a most awkward dilemma."

She waited for a reply. None came. "Tell me, Richard, is poor dear Bessie gravely injured? I have heard no particulars. Tell me how it happened."

"How it happened!" he repeated hoarsely, and rose to his feet, because he could not bear the sun on his face as he spoke with her. "Ay! I will tell you how it happened. Stand off! Do not come near the child. Away from this side. The shadow of you has fallen on her and fallen on me already. Your shadow blights."

In truth, she had stepped into the sun-beam and had intercepted it. Now she moved on one side; she was humbled, not

greatly, nor had she changed her determination, bred of her father's advice, to separate from Cable; but she was touched and pained by the sight of the suffering child, and its equally suffering father.

"I will tell you all," he said in a tone charged with suppressed thunder. "You were right when you said at Brentwood that I was drunk. It is true I was drunk when I did it. It was because I was drunk that I let my Bessie fall. I had rather, ten thousand times, have broken my own back and lain a crippled, tortured creature thus—through an eternity—than have hurt her. That God knows—if—if he knows and cares for aught that goes on below." He did not salute, as he named the Almighty, as in the former times.

"I am very, very sorry, Richard."

"I do not want your compassion," he retorted fiercely. "I loathe it—I despise it. It was your doing that my poor baby lies here——"

"Richard," interrupted Josephine, with a flash of anger at what she conceived his injustice, "because you forgot your self-respect and drank, and let Bessie fall, am I to be blamed? This is too much."

"I do blame you," he said. "It is all your doing. Was I ever drunk before? Never—never! My mother can tell you that. And why did I drink at the Anchor, but because you had stung and insulted me past endurance? I forgot my self-respect? I had none. You had kicked it and trampled it in the dirt. You had killed it. I always held up my head and could check myself. I never did anything that could bring shame on my face, and tears in my mother's eyes before, because I respected myself. But you would not rest till you had beaten my self-respect down and ground it into dust. I drank because of the pain in my heart, and to forget what you had done to me. Then—after poor Bessie was hurt—I ran to find you. Now, I see I was mad or drunk to run to one so heartless, so cruel; but in the moment of my despair, I forgot all the wrong you had dealt me, and remembered only the tie that bound us. I ran to you, because I was burning with thirst, as a man in a desert runs when he sees, far away, green leaves that promise a well. I ran to you for pity and love, and you mocked and drove me from you." His breath came with a hoarse rattle from his laboring lungs. "And now you have come to see the wreck you have made; not of my sweet babe only—but of me—of me." He came up to her with every mus-

cle in his face and throat distended, and with clenched hands and nerves that stood as knots in his wrists and arms.

Josephine stepped back. "Are you going to strike me, Richard?"

"No," he said; "I do not touch women. I almost wish I could seize you by the throat and wring your venomous tongue out, as I might tear out the sting of a wasp. I love you no more. I loved you once, loved you!—you stood far above me as the silver moon. I thought you the most beautiful and holy and pure of beings; and now I see your soul is full of ugly pits and scars and blemishes; and your light has no warmth in it—it chills, it drives a poor stupid man like me crazed—so crazed that I have crushed and nigh killed my child. So crazed am I, that I have lost all I had once that made me happy—my content, my peace of mind, my trust. I have looked up at you, and been blasted; and now—I cannot look up at all." He clasped his hands over his head, and stood with widespread feet and elbows, glaring at her.

"I pitied you with all my heart," he continued, "when you once told me that you could not look up—and then, in my folly, I thought I would take you by the hand and hold you, and put my finger under your chin, and speak to you of love and faith and the trust of a little child to a loving father, till your tossed heart grew still, and its fret passed away, and you raised your eyes to what is above us all. But I never, never supposed that you would drag me down and blind me, so that my power of looking up should be taken from me."

He trembled with vehemence as he spoke, and Josephine was silent; she quailed before his indignation. Then he was silent, standing looking at her; and she glanced at him, to see if there was any softening in his face, any forgiveness in his stern eyes.

"Can you not see, Richard," she said, "that you tried me beyond endurance? I may have lacked consideration for you, but you also failed in thought for me. Forgive me."

"No," he answered; "never—never!"

"Then," she said, "if that be so, it is best for us to part—to separate. We both of us made a mistake. I did not know what I was about when I took you; and you over-estimated your powers when you accepted me."

"Very well," he said. "We part; we see each other no more. But the past

can never be undone; it can no more be repaired and made straight than the back of my poor baby, who is crippled forever."

"You blame me unreasonably," remonstrated Josephine; "you are blind to the wrongs done to me. Nothing is easier for a man who has made a mistake, than to toss the responsibility on to the back of another who is too weak to defend herself. Let me kiss little Bessie, and then I will leave you."

"No," he answered; "you shall not touch her, nor go near her."

Then in at the door came his little troop of girls, returning from school—six, and as they entered, the sunbeam lit one golden crown after another. The sun's rays lay along the floor. Richard pointed it to his children. "Mary, lead the way; all of you follow her; keep along in the sunbeam, and so come to me. Leave the lady in the shadow, in the dark; do not step out of the sunbeam to her—do not let her come near you."

The docile children obeyed, walking in line, bathed in pure light, taking care not to put one little foot into the shadow.

Richard waited till they had all come to him and were gathered round the cradle, looking lovingly, expectantly, somewhat wonderingly up at him. Then he waved his hand to Josephine, and said: "Go out! Hanford Hall is your home, and this cottage my home. I banish you from my roof, as you have driven me from under yours. Go! Would to God, when I shut the door on you, I could drive the thought of you out as well, and be rid of the evil you have brought on me and mine, as I rid myself of your presence!"

From The Contemporary Review.

PAINTING "THE SCAPEGOAT."

I HAVE already incidentally told, in the last of my papers on "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood,"* how, in the summer of 1854, I made a very interesting journey to the remote end of the Dead Sea with Mr. Beamont, of Warrington, and there found, in the neighborhood of Usdum, what I determined to make the background of the proposed picture of "The Scapegoat" (a subject which had much struck me when I had been searching Leviticus for the ceremonies of Jewish worship).

* LIVING AGE, Nos. 2184, 2194, 2195.

I.

IN October I set out again, this time without travelling companion, and with but one personal servant, an Arab newly engaged, who acted as cook and tent-manager. The whole country to the south of Jerusalem had become disturbed, with hope to the fellaheen of escape from Turkish taxation, encouraged by the withdrawal of the troops for the Russian war. One village was fighting against another; each day brought worse tidings, and I was strongly urged to postpone the project of going alone to stay at so remote and wild a spot as Usdum. I resolved to go well armed, for my common sense told me that, with numerous boxes containing unknown properties, and a stock of provisions, I should be the victim of the first impudent scoundrels I met were it not clearly seen that I had the means of resisting insolence.

I made my bargain (no light task) with Ali Tantash, the muleteer, to have the requisite number of animals ready for the journey at sunrise. On the morning fixed, my horse was brought with a wrong saddle, and an hour of delay occurred before the better one ordered could be got. Riding then to the meeting-place, it turned out that no luggage mules were there, the excuse given being that it was wiser not to bring them to wait in the sun until I was ready, and thus I discovered that the object of the *mukarie* was to fritter away the day without sacrificing the claim to payment. I had then to declare that, whatever the hour might be at starting, I should not stop until the full day's journey to Hebron had been completed. The animals thereupon were hurried up, and the loading was commenced. Just then, aiding the purpose of the *mukarie*, so heavy a storm came that I was driven indoors for two hours. After it had passed away and I returned, the mule-owner and his belongings had disappeared, and my cases were lying in the public square. Being found, the master said he had concluded that I had given up the journey till to-morrow, and so returned the beasts to the stable; but I was unflinching, and ordered them back. They came, only to enable us to sally out of the Jaffa Gate half an hour before a sunset which was flickering over glistening slopes. The evening was fierce, the sky still covered with heavy clouds, the lightning flashing, and the thunder murmuring from afar as we got into the open country.

Reaching the first height, I addressed

my company to the effect that I would go on to Hebron as fast as possible with Nicola Beyrouth, my servant, to get accommodation at the quarantine building, while they should come on as soon as was convenient; but the whole company were horrified—as they professed—at the danger to myself, as well as to themselves. I laughed at their fear, and began to trot, pumping out the water from my wet carpet-saddle as I rode. Looking back, as Nicola urged, I discovered the *cortège* with heads returning to Jerusalem in serious earnest. I rode back, and the muleteer told me to reflect how certain the peril would be from ghouls and effreets, who bewilder travellers on such nights, and lead them over precipices to their destruction, and that the only safety was in company; but I insisted upon the journey forward, and so we came to accord, and went on.

Beyond Mar Elyas the road, at that time, descended into the deep valley. I could only see the path by the pools of water in the worn limestone. At the bottom the strongest mule slipped and fell; his burthen was too heavy to allow him to be raised as he was, and so the cord was loosened and every article taken off him. When again reloaded, the drivers argued that this settled the question of the length of the journey. Bethlehem, half an hour hence, would afford us shelter for the night, and in the morning betimes we could go on to Hebron; but I insisted upon the original plan, not without some reluctance when the Convent of the Nativity in sight to our left brought to mind the thought of its pleasant hospitality.

With us we had a young goat which was provokingly blatant; he walked and rode in turns, and our progress was slow. An hour beyond the pools of Solomon, we were threading the mazes of some low trees on the slippery road, and I was leading the party, when I noticed the yelling of Nicola, who was behind, mingling itself with the bleatings of the scapegoat model. His reply to my cheer was very lachrymose, so that I had to ride back to understand matters. Now he was in full tears like a great baby, and he ducked his head as though to avoid some real attack. He was a well-grown man, five years older than myself, and to see him behaving thus made me angry. "What is the matter with you, O madman?" I said. "There are robbers," was his reply. "Where?" "All about us; do shoot, I pray, *ya kho-wagha*,"—bobbing down to the saddle all the while. "I am not such a fool," was

my reply; "here, I will ride behind you, and keep you safe from danger." I had already taken up my place of rearguard when I was struck with stones in two or three places at once, and my horse swerved from a blow. "Oh, oh! now I see what is the matter," said I. The trees enshrouded men who were following up and pelting us. I held up my gun against the sky, cocked the two triggers, brought round my revolver, and shouted out, "Now I am ready to kill the first man who shows his head." Our enemies held their hands, and Nicola ceased to bob his head, but he said aloud, "Now shoot, to show you have a gun with two souls and a pistol with many;" but I returned, "When I see where to shoot I won't fail." We went on in silence, except that the muleteer kept stupidly saying, "I told you how it would be;" and I was obliged to reply, "What could be better? Englishmen like fighting."* "That is true, by Allah," he remarked, Nicola joining in with a culminating sob. We plodded on, minute by minute, ever expecting a fresh attack as we turned in and out over the worn and wet limestone track. When a good quarter of an hour had passed in freedom from continually expected attack, I heard a great clatter ahead, and I spurred on fast, but found no visible robber, only our head mule was down again. It seemed certain that this would bring on our enemies at once, and I undertook to keep on the alert while the men busied themselves in unpacking and raising the poor beast. To my astonishment this was effected without molestation. Our foes had probably been on an opposite journey, and, seeing us coming, had put themselves in ambush and followed us back, abandoning us when the chance seemed not a promising one. In starting again, however, until we had got out of cover, we could not give up the closest vigilance.

When the trees opened we came within sound of villages to our left on the heights. No arts could muffle the noise of our animals' hoofs, nor stifle the bleatings of our kid from the ears of the dogs, which provokingly kept up a continual announcement of the passing of a strange party. We had kept off the harder parts of the track, with my consent, to reduce our noisiness, and we were toiling along, knowing that it was midnight, and that for

an hour or more we had been in that state of a tedious journey in which no recognizable difference can be expected in its features. I had quite admitted in my own mind that it was fortunate I had not trusted to my faint knowledge of the road to come on alone, and I was wondering by what sign our muleteer could be sure that he was in the road at all. I looked more intently to discover this, when it seemed not uncalled for to demand a declaration from him on the subject. No! He admitted that he had lost the road for the last half-hour, and had in vain been trying to find it. "What do you propose to do?" I asked. "Dismount, spread part of the tent against this slope of the rock, light a fire in a nook where it won't be seen, get coffee, sleep for three hours, and go on again before sunrise. There is nothing else that can be done." No one had any other counsel, and I had to weigh this with my own thoughts.

Curiously, the same thing had occurred on the previous journey to Hebron about the same place and time. On that occasion I had a more self-possessed servant, one Issa, with me, and I had taken a very decided course. I had put my horse's head to the village on the hill, and, making all accompany me, I had ridden straight up to the place, leaving my man to do all the active part, I playing the character of the mysterious dignified stranger, which was very difficult in the midst of barking dogs, so wild with excitement that they jumped up into my saddle. Men, women, and children, scared out of their sleep from around fires by the unwonted event, stood up and hurried together to watch the action of the sheik when I asked for him. Whatever his motive, no one could have behaved better. He called a man out from the crowd and ordered him to go with us over the hill to a point on a path from which we could see Hebron and descend by it into the road; and thus I had had good reason to approve the trusting course. The earlier journey had taken us, by a road between walled vineyards, to the town of the faithful patriarch by about one or two o'clock. We there turned aside to the right to reach the quarantine building. My man had come up abreast, and we were talking as tired guards will after an anxious watch, when I noticed that his foot-track gradually led him up above me. The slope was slippery. I searched for a place where there might be firm footing for my horse. In the penumbrous dulness I discerned a mass of white rock leading to the higher level. I set

* Deliberately, I should say that history does not prove this—in itself—gasconading declaration to be true. No people less love war than the English; "but being in, bear it that the opposer may beware of thee," is tacitly the fighting motto of the race.

my horse to grip it with his feet, and heeled him to make him use his full strength. The stone proved to be loose, and began to rattle down. I could feel the poor beast overbalancing. As the one chance for both of us, I threw myself off on the upper earth to the right as best could be. I pushed my gun away in a safe direction, for it was loaded and still half-cocked. The horse hurtled over on his back and rolled down the incline. I found myself safely landed half-way up, but with my leg badly bruised. My gun had happily not exploded. When we went to the poor horse he was just able to get up. We hobbled to the porch of the quarantine building, and there with hasty arrangement I threw myself on to my mat and some dry baggage, and soon sank into reposeful slumber. Two or three hours later I was sitting up, staring at, and being stared at by, a crowd of men, women, and children, I seeming very like what a gipsy caught located in a place not intended for vagabonds might be. I had attained my object, however, which was to be soon after sunrise at a point to the west, on the mountains looking down to Doora by the valley of the upper and the nether springs given by Caleb to his daughter, with the plain and Beersheba beyond; and accordingly, with a hasty cup of coffee, I mounted my man's horse and rode off alone to work on a sketch.

On the present journey, however, I had no such object; and although I revolved in my mind the importance of establishing a character with all my troop, on this difficult journey, of being a bad master to trick, as I had done by the previous counter-move, I was content to-night to say, that, having arrived at the precincts of Hebron, in consideration of the tiredness of all the beasts, I would be satisfied to rest where we were till sunrise; and so accordingly we half pitched the tent, and I hailed welcome sleep in an unknown field. In the morning it proved that the road was not far away, and in an hour we were passing through the streets of Hebron to the open country on the south-east. It was not noticeable to me in broad sunlight, as the people of the town looked up from their business and the Arabs of the fields went out with their flocks or passed on their journeys, that they were stirred by any unusual excitement. Getting out from the houses again, I could feel nothing now visible between me and dim fate. In the wilderness of Ziph (becoming more declared at the descent from every fresh hill pass, while all the shadows of

the rocks disappeared as the sun rose to the zenith, removing their sense of shelter), in exhilaration of spirit produced by perfumed sea-breezes, I could realize how natural was the pious feeling kindled by a life in the wilderness: "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a barren and dry land where no water is." No life, it seemed to me then, could so well awaken a sense of absolute reliance upon the unseen powers as this of the silent wilderness.

In the afternoon I arrived at the encampment of Aboudaouk, the sheik of whom I was in search. When my tent was pitched, I sent word that I was expecting a visit, and as he approached up the slope I stepped out to welcome him. He had a long face, with large teeth somewhat projecting above a long but retiring chin, and as he neared me, looking his affablest, I could not help thinking how like a mule he was. I had to adopt an English tone of preoccupation with Nicola, to make sure that the sheik should not expect me to fall on his dirty person and, in Arab fashion, embrace him. When he was seated on a raised mat at my door, after delivering my message of greeting from the consul, I unwrapped from the parcel a *jabbah*, a coat of the brightest scarlet, and placed it on his shoulders so that the contrast with the vivid color made him look more grimy than ever as he sat there. Going on with my part of the ceremony, I wondered whether the good Omar looked so polluting when the patriarch, giving up the keys of Jerusalem, said aside, "Surely this is the abomination which maketh desolate."

When we were again seated, I explained that the English consul, Khowagha Finn, had charged me to bring this coat to him as a mark of his esteem. He—as behoved him in the face of the whole tribe outside, men pressing one another in a circle and veiled women from tents, watching their sheik in his new glory—adopted the bearing of utter unconcern, folding the garment under and about him on the ground as though he were accustomed to have a new coat every day, and certainly nothing seemed to me more likely than that he would by to-morrow make it but little distinguishable from his other raiment. After due assurance that we were respectively well and happy, that Mr. Beaumont—who had been with me on the earlier journey—was so also; that he had gone on to Damascus; that the son was also well and happy; that the consul was this also—with *Alamdillallah* ut-

tered after each assurance of good — and that they all hoped that *he* was well and happy, and that they were all very superior people, and that they thought him a very superior person; and after he had had his pipe charged several times, and coffee in small cups given to him to satiety, I ventured to introduce the business question, my servant, of course, helping me with his Arabic, for there was the extra difficulty with them of an unfamiliar dialect.

Combating the proposal that the question should be left till to-morrow, I said that I should like to go down to Usdum for some weeks, perhaps five or six, to make a picture; that I wanted some of his men with me as guides and caterers — that two or three would be enough. I left the number to him. What should I pay him? Oh, for his part, the whole place was mine; he hoped I should always stay. But, pressed further, he said, by Allah, what I asked was no light matter. It filled him with anxiety. He must send down at least a hundred men, his most trusted men, for the place was most dangerous, being the road of various tribes, and without a large party how could he guard me if I stayed there day after day? He would do his best to persuade his men to be satisfied with five hundred English pounds. And the men within hearing said, "No, no! Never, never! Impossible!" And they went on to point out how it was almost out of hope that any but a few could ever return to their families. I left them to talk themselves out. When done, they asked my reply. I said, "We will talk of it no more. It was, I see, a foolish fancy of mine. I will return to-morrow and go to Masada, Engeddi, Marsaba, or Jericho instead. I can understand that, because I had thought of returning to a place which few travellers visit and none revisit, you think me foolish. It is enough. Let us talk no more about the proposal. We will speak of other matters. Will you tell me how many men you have in your tribe?" He then said, "Why should you be angry? You do not answer me. Why don't you talk of Usdum?" "Look!" I said, "it is not far away; half a day would bring us there. It is the wretchedest place in the whole world. If I had not already been there I should know this from books. England is a beautiful country — a garden with wide rivers like that in Egypt, and trees bearing lovely fruits, and there are oxen and sheep, and birds in abundance, and perfect roads. You talk as

though the plain of the Dead Sea were a place that God was pleased with; it is, on the contrary, one with which he is known to have been very angry. You treat of it as though it were a paradise. Five hundred pounds! Well, perhaps a lord would give some large sum to stay in a blessed place, but not a para to stay in a cursed one. I am not a lord. I am more like a monk or a derwish. I would go there just to explain to people in England (used too much to blessings) how terrible is a place accursed of Heaven; but if you and your men do not want me to go, I shall take it as a sign that Allah wills me to work elsewhere. There are many places where Arabs or others would like to be paid for guiding me, and I would go to their country instead." The sheik replied, "But you see I must send many to guard you." "No," I replied, "I only want to be guided, and to have provisions bought from the nearest Arabs. Send few or many, I will guard myself." "Well," he went on to say, "what will you give?" After some fencing, my reply was, "I speak with English words, the first is the last; I will give seven hundred piastres" (about six pounds). A shriek of execration followed; and I said, "I am sorry. I will go back and tell other *frangis* not to come here and vex you with the wish to visit your district. In the mean time, Nicola, you can bring me my dinner." And I got rid of my company.

An hour later the sheik came to smoke a pipe and drink coffee with me. It was dark. The noises of sheep being folded and of clamorous children had ceased; barking dogs and braying asses alone broke the resonant silence. He had been persuading his men to take one hundred pounds; would I say "Finished"? "No! only seven hundred piastres," and *that* I would pay in paper, writing a note for the money if he agreed, and his men, after being at Usdum, should return with me to Jerusalem, where, at the Consulate, gold should be given in exchange. Before separating, he had come to my terms, and I had written the cheque for the money, with which he retired.

When I was alone Nicola came for a consultation. I had innocently advised that, to make it serve the purpose of the tribe better, the animals, fowls, eggs, cheese, etc., wanted for our expedition should not be purchased from sources nearer home; and now, finding that we were destitute, without later chance of providing ourselves, they asked five and ten times the just price. The next morn-

ing, rising an hour or two before sunrise, I announced my intention of riding back to procure provisions, which frightened our hosts into reasonable prices. Then came our sheik and sat down, asking when was I intending to conclude the business. "What business?" "What, as sheik, am I to have? The seven hundred piastres all go to the men, and for all my trouble in making them friendly to you surely I ought to have a handsome sum." Had time been of no value to me it is possible that I might have escaped this ingenious extortion; but after a long and hot talk I was glad to abate the sheik's demands to about four hundred piastres.

While contending thus with the evil, I saw Nicola putting aside the animals bought for our purpose, with their legs tied, on an opposite slope; around these, men had assembled, and hideous boys, nearly black, naked, and with bare crowns, shaven save for one central black tuft of matted hair forming a tangled inverted tassel, were jumping about and screeching like little demons; the fathers were proud and encouraging. I went into the midst, and found what enters into my memory forever when I come upon passages inspired by the temper of the French philosophers about the innocence of the unsophisticated children of nature. The little fiends were with stones and sticks directing scorpions up to the side of the helpless beasts, and provoking the reptiles to sting! The incident filled me with wrath, and I scattered the little crowd with my *koor-bash*, whereupon from afar the men asked why I was so angry. The sheik came, assuring me of his utmost indignation with the boys and the men too, all of whom he beat in show, and when I declared that I would not have one of these with me I was appeased.

II.

It was late in the morning when all was prepared and we mounted and turned towards Usdum. Our whole company, it was amusing to see, was now increased by only five. The wonderful scene around scarcely soothed me from the feverishness caused by my experiences of last night and the morning. As I rode ahead a young Arab of about twenty came up and kissed my hand, saying that he hoped I was not angry with him. I could not recognize him as an offender, and I asked his name. His name was Soleiman; would I let him be my son? he then asked. I agreed, although I was only seven years

his senior. Even my prejudice did not prevent me from seeing that he had a pleasant face, and I could not keep my scowl when he asked my name. *Hunt* he declared to be no name, and Holman he regarded as but very little better—but William, pronounced Wullaum, he found very good; this thawed me entirely. When we got to Wady Zuara Tahta would I take him alone with me across the plain to the sea, to where I should do my drawing each day? he asked. And it was agreed. I was glad to practise Arabic with him, and a little onward I dismounted to fire my double barrel and my revolver at chance marks for the unavowed object of edifying the company. Farther on, when riding with the sea down below in front of us, I asked whether he knew why it was called Bahr Lut. He looked ignorant, and asked, "Why was it, ya Wullaum?" and I told him the story of the destruction of the four cities of the plain, of the escape of Lot and his daughters, and the death of the wife, with the appeal of Lot that Zoar should be spared because it was Zorlah (small). He knew of no ruins about—De Saulcy had declared the discovery of such—except the dilapidated castle in the wady to which we were going. Except for a few acacia-trees, growing in the dry course of the storm stream which we were following, there was no sign of vegetation anywhere. The uplands were gradually declining before us. To the left we saw only ranged ridges bordering the course of ravines descending to the bed of the sea. To the right there were other heights with openings through which we could see towards Wady Akabah. In front was the deep *ghor*, with the bluest of lakes in the hollow, and beyond the amethystine mountains of Moab in the afternoon sun. I was too much occupied with the scene to talk. We came rather abruptly to the brink where the two torrent beds divided, leaving a high rock, on which was built the castle, apparently of Middle Age work; it had, as I had seen at Masada, painted signs of the zodiac decorating its walls; these seemed recent. It was at the foot of this uninhabitable castle that I was to live with my troop. I went down first. While the party were coming down the very slippery and steep pathway and taking possession, I was making my plans with Soleiman. And we soon set off, taking the picture-case mounted on a donkey to the place of work, I counting upon getting first records of the sunset on the spot. We took with us also the white

goat. All our party were busy setting up the tent.

Not a sign of humanity was before us, glance where we would over the extensive plain and mountains. Getting out of the defile, we turned slightly to the right to reach the spur of Usdum, about one mile and a half away; a furlong beyond that point I made my way to the margin of the sea, soon leaving my man to stay with the ass. I strode about the hard standing-ground to find the best site; wandering afar on the salt shallows, I made a jump over some wetted strand to a firm-looking piece of drift. It proved unsound, however. I found myself sinking in the mire, and my next step betrayed me lower still. As I struggled, a favorite story heard in my childhood, of my mother's cousin, who had seen the veritable pillar of salt into which Lot's wife had been turned, came into my mind. It told how in escaping from some terrible danger he had nearly got swallowed up in a slime pit. I threw myself down to grasp with my arms a firm support, and this quickly enabled me to reach a solid ridge again. Having determined against certain spots, I now had only to choose between one or two which I had kept in reserve, and to study the goat's manner of walking over the insecure ground, noting the while the tone he assumed. I then planted my case in its place, uncovered the canvas, and tried the composition, noting the relative turns of all the component parts. Soleiman, when unemployed, nearly destroyed my gravity by sitting down exactly in front of me, in utter bewilderment, staring intently into my face.

In an hour I was steadily at work; my man kept repeating the inquiry whether I had finished, but I could not talk. Every minute the mountains became more gorgeous and solemn — the whole scene more unlike anything ever portrayed before. Afar all seemed of the brilliancy and preciousness of jewels, while close by all of this was salt and burnt limestone, with decayed trees and broken branches brought from far distant lands, from roots still perhaps growing on the banks of the rivers which in the winter flood the lake. Skeletons, too, of animals, which had perished for the most part in crossing the Jordan and the Jabbok, had been swept here and lay salt-covered, so that birds and beasts of prey left them untouched. It was a most appropriate scene for the subject, and each minute I rejoiced more in my work. While thus absorbed Soleiman shook my arm and said, "Ya abbi,

fe el magrib" (My father, the sunset has come); and then he grew quite out of patience, and added: "In the dark how can we escape danger? In the light I can detect men from afar, but when the sun has gone, as we go home, I can't see if they hide behind trees to shoot us, and it is being known that they fear most." My reply was: "My son, be obedient and patient till I have done my work; the fear of robbers and murderers won't make me leave it. Keep silent until I am ready, and then I will tell you, and we will hurry back to the tent."

When the stars were beginning to appear, I removed the caution to silence from the head of my son, who was almost in desperation by this time. I tied up the umbrella and shut up the painting and my paint-box, while Soleiman led up the donkey. We then together balanced the case on the creature's back, and with a rope, ready placed, secured it in due balance; thus acquitted of preparation duty, we trudged back, not without trace of ill-humor in my companion. But an Arab soon forgets discontent if you tell him a tale, and by the time we got to the opening in the cliff we were the best of friends. Here one necessary precaution was to observe silence ourselves, and to prevent our donkey from braying as we approached nearer to the encampment. The last my son effected by a timely cuff, or sometimes by covering the creature's nostrils with his cloak.

When we had got so close that we could see the figures about the fires and hear the talking, Soleiman turned to me solemnly and whispered to me to take his *abbia*, and hold the ass's halter and immediately smother any cry that it might raise its head to make; when I was prepared, he went along crouching, and as he got forward I could just see him taking to hands and knees. There was a pause, during which the talking was more audible, and then I heard the salutation of the newcomer, the welcome, the inquiry, and at last the call to me that all was right. This reconnaissance was made to ascertain that the encampment had not been taken by a hostile force during our absence, in which case escape for ourselves by another way might have been possible. I was glad, on approaching, to see the Arabs with a fire, made by the root of a white tree-trunk which had been left by the torrent, and not less content to see my own fire with Nicola presiding over a savory mess. Water had been drawn from a cistern near at hand, and, after

ablutions, I was ready for meal, coffee, and pipe, which latter I indulged in on this journey quite as an exception.

When resting myself I was impressed by the solemn silence reigning around, broken only by the cries of night birds and of wild beasts dwelling in the upland caves. Before retiring to sleep, I sallied out with my gun to scale the nearer heights. The moon was still low, but bright, and, as I looked down on my home, the scene was the wildest that could be conceived. Salvator Rosa's retreat in the Abruzzi must have been tame in comparison. Down below, the illuminated tent stood at the foot of the high crag on which was perched the tower of the little castle; our fires flickered upon its walls, and faintly, on the cliffs to right and left; the moonlight touched into pearl and ebony the upper parts of the gorge which the fires did not color. My impulse was to begin a drawing, but I might thus have hazarded the completion of my painting, and so I returned to the tent and slept notwithstanding the chattering of Soleiman, who was explaining the events of the day to his companions.

I regard the man who has not sojourned in a tent as one who has not thoroughly lived; it enables one, as nothing else does, to realize the early stages of man's history, and to see what is his true relation to silent nature; but that night the time soon came when the distance between me and my friends was removed. Sleep, if not death, can vanquish distance. I was again, with all of the old set, in England talking of plans and thoughts beloved of both. My dreams kept me with the brotherhood, but waking I held out my hands, as it seemed, while I was torn backwards across the dark sea and the lone hills, and I found myself at home again in the little tent pitched in the wady, where angry beasts still howled their wrath about me.

It was not yet daylight, but it was time to be up to make preparation for the day; so I enjoyed my ablutions, while the breakfast was being prepared and the donkey loaded, Soleiman making his arrangements to accompany me for the day.

Opposite, on my right, was a bluff of alluvial soil deposited evidently in successive drifts; we had noticed the same formation at the foot of Masada and along to Engeddi. Wherever it had been disturbed below by wind or water the particles above had fallen, so that the outer lines were all vertical; and yet particular strata stood out in horizontal projections or hollows, giving a singularly archi-

tectural look to the masses. Here, at a corner, the superincumbent pressure had hardened the centres of support and left intervening spaces loose, and these the winds had carried away, leaving a gallery with pillars holding up the heavy roof; so like to the manner of an Indian temple was it that it was difficult at first not to regard the structure as the work of man, and not at all difficult to conclude whence the Hindoos had deprived their type of architecture. Many other geological wonders there were for my half-informed mind, which, not being of an artistic interest, I do not note here.

Soleiman and I again set out — it was soon after sunrise — to the place of work, meeting and seeing no one in all the great range before us day after day with two exceptions, to be told of later. Descending at the foot of the gorge into the deeper plain, it was curious that at a level like that of water, but perfectly unseen, recognized only by the breathing organs, we met with a thick atmosphere scenting of fir, juniper, pitch, and who knows what beside combined? Walking backwards and forwards it always was perceptible at the same level. Below were flies like house flies, but dwarfish — so innumerable that on opening one's lips unguardedly to speak, as many as twenty would enter together; and when partridges offered themselves among the underwood for my *cuisine*, the creatures of Beelzebub that were disturbed by raising arms and gun were numerous enough to make the birds quite invisible at the critical moment. At first I apprehended great hindrance from these pests, but for some reason, never quite intelligible to me, no fly ever bothered me when once I was seated under my umbrella.

I had planned all my work so carefully the previous evening — marking in the shadows and noting the tints — that, although the effect was, till past the middle of the day, quite different, I was able — counting with certainty upon a cloudless sunset to correct all — to lay in my day's work boldly. But it was important, with the quickly drying paint, to complete every atom that I had undertaken, and to have time to spare to make necessary notes for the morrow. My son set down the leather water-bottle in the shade within reach, and wandered about — coming back at lunch-time, when we ate together of dried fruit and bread, and then I was free to talk. I scarcely ever left the spot, even for a few yards, knowing how precious time was, more so than was professed, for

it was certain that my men, although engaged to stay longer than would be needful, would only with great tact and luck be kept quiet long. As the sun went down again Soleiman urged my departure, but I was unyielding. At dusk, when at last I gave the sign, and we lifted the case on to the ass's back, that animal proved to be full of fun; and when he found both our hands engaged he slipped out of the way, leaving us with our burden in the air. It was provoking to be thus treated more than once, and when at last the work had been done and my paint-box fixed on to the load, I felt the dews of evening suspiciously chilly. It was not a place to disregard such admonitions, and so I kept no restraint on my impulse, but, making my gun my partner, I waltzed about fifty or more yards onwards. When I halted, Soleiman seemed possessed of some terrible secret. I became concerned; he approached with arms uplifted, and, when close, threw them about my neck, saying, "Before, you were my father—henceforth let me be your brother. I had no idea you were so great; you dance like a derwish—are you one? Can you do it again?" "Yes, ya ahooi," I said, and away I went a second and a third time—indeed, often on the way back till I had no more chill. We arrived at our cheerful home, and soon it became more gay, for during my dinner I could hear Soleiman recounting my exploits as a derwish, and there were frequent yells of delight. When my coffee was brought, Nicola told me that the Arabs desired to have an interview with me, and I invited them at once. Sitting down at the door, with the customary salutations done, and after I had given them tobacco, the elder repeated what Soleiman had said, and then asked me if I would do them the favor to come out and dance. I felt obliged to decline, pointing out, however, that if any wished to see me dance they might come down the next evening at sunset; but they pleaded that the tent could not be left without danger, and I could see they retired greatly disappointed.

Some of these men were of the most perfect intellectual appearance. Some had heads in form quite worthy of Melanchthon or Lord Bacon; but, after careful personal watch and inquiry of Nicola, I found that the only manner in which they had exhibited superior intelligence, during their fortnight's stay with us, was in stealing the sugar out of our canteen.

The next day my brother was full of excitement about the simple event of last

evening. "Ya Wullaum," he said, "the sheik has no son. I am his nephew, and on his death I am to be sheik. Let Nicola go back to Jerusalem; he is not good; we don't want him; but you stay with us always. The sheik has a daughter of right age; you shall marry her, and you shall be sheik before me. You shall lead us in our raids and battles, and when we are in peace and encamped you shall be our derwish and dance to us. We have arranged it, and so let it be." I wished to avoid wounding the good man's feelings and my reply was: "My brother, I have a father and a mother in *Bellud Inglese*, and I have promised them, if God wills, that I will return and take the picture of this place with me. How can I make their hearts sad by staying here?" "But," he returned, "you can make the paper speak; write to say that we want you to be our sheik, and let Nicola take the picture to England—he is not good." While I still combated his arguments, feeling, perhaps, that by giving me time to think over the proposal my obstinacy would give way, he inquired where I was born, and then what was London—was it a mountain or a plain? In return to my explanation he started, saying, "Not a city—not like Jerusalem, with walls and gates and shops? Never, ya ahooi, I will never believe that you are a *belladi*—a citizen—never! I know you are an English *bedarwee*, and you were born in a tent." I lost considerably in his estimation by refusing this honorable origin. I think he disbelieved me, for he still harped upon his project. All his stately proposals, with prospect of overcoming neighboring tribes, dislodging the Turks from Judea, restoring the Jews to their long-lost kingdom, and general settlement of the Eastern question, would have been tempting even to a peaceful P. R. B., but I saw two terrible marplots in the way of the romance—one in Napoleon III., the other in the English foreign minister—so I slept in peace, leaving the work of bringing back the Jews to some one more equal to the task of establishing the kingdom of peace without violence.

Next day, to my surprise, I beheld a man in the shallows scraping up salt, and he astonished me further when he calmly maintained that he had an established right to take it from the spot; but we persuaded him to accept a few piastres and go elsewhere, which he did quietly, and without further consequences—we never saw him again.

My man entertained me with a story of how, with a Frank traveller at Petra, at a

critical moment, when the Arabs there were about to rob and maltreat him, he, my brother, had arrived and rescued him, using his drawn sword very freely, and so saved the khowagha's life. It was told with great storm and fury of action; and as the Edomites have a very bad character, and are not a bit ashamed of it, it was a pleasure to be assured that for once some of them had been punished.

Day after day thus went on, one much like another, but when Sunday arrived I was in doubt whether I would work. It would have been a delight to have a holiday, to read David's early psalms in the wilderness of his refuge, to go searching among the valleys and hills to recreate my soul; but our provisions were getting low, the lazy Arabs would not, although I gave them gunpowder, go out to shoot game, and there was clear prospect therefore of coming to a speedy termination of my stay here; so I concluded that it was my duty to work. In about nine days I began to be poorly, partly perhaps through the food. The doctor had provided me with medicine against fever, but not against other ills. I could not leave off work, and must eat what there was. I determined, therefore, to rely upon a small wineglassful of *arak*, the only strong drink we had; I took it with hot water when in bed, and slept so soundly that the goat came in and overturned everything for food without waking me, and in the morning I was quite well.

Soon now the mountains, the sea, and the middle distance on my canvas were completed, and I was beginning to feel more indifferent to the grumbings of the men. We had procured, with my last coins, chopped straw and other food for the animals, and rice for ourselves, from a village towards Petra. I was gradually working down to the salt foreground, and one afternoon when Soleiman was away I was pondering on the present state of desolation of "the way of the sea," when my brother appeared, looking more impressive than usual. He crouched down beside me, put his hand out to the cliffs towards Masada, and uttered the portentous words: "There are robbers, they are coming this way—one, two, three, on horseback, and two—wait, three—yes, four on foot. They have not yet seen us, and soon they will be behind Usdum, and we shall be able safely to move. You must put down your umbrella; shut up your picture, cover it with stones. They will not be here for an hour. We will go up in the mountain; they will keep along

the road at the foot. We will come back to the picture when they have gone by." I could see the party very far away. I asked, how did he know they were robbers? "They are always robbers when the others are feeble; it would be useless for us to resist. Quick," he said. "Perhaps they belong to a friendly tribe." "They do not," he groaned. "Oh, come!" "No," I said, "I shall stay at my work." He implored me to listen, and finally stamped, saying, "Your blood be on your own head; as for me, I shall go to the mountain and hide myself." As he went away he turned two or three times, and again appealed to me, like a man at his wits' end. "Why stay? What do you trust in?" I replied unaffectedly that mine was a good work, that Allah would help me, and that I was content to accept whatever might be the issue. And so I saw him run to the break in the mountain near, and with the ass climb up its roughness, and disappear like one fearful of trusting to further second purpose. I tried not to paint the less firmly or effectively, in having need to turn my head occasionally to watch the progress of the *deeshman*. Before they had quite been cut off from observation by the intervening side of Usdum I could see, what I at first doubted, the correctness of Soleiman's counting. When they were hidden there was a long silence. My brother made no sign, and there was nothing to do but to progress with my work as well as possible. As the time wore away I was anxious for the *dénouement*, and I was glad to be able at last to decide that it was beyond fancy that I could hear the Arabs—the horses' and the men's footsteps among the shingle. I suspended my painting, and looked from beneath my umbrella, until suddenly they emerged within five hundred feet of me; they all halted and pointed to me. The horsemen had their faces covered with *kufeyiahs* and carried long spears; and the footmen had guns, swords, or clubs. They stood there some two minutes, and then turned out of the beaten way direct to me, clattering among the large and loose smaller stones at a measured pace. I continued placidly conveying my paint from palette to canvas, steadying my touch by resting the hand on the double-barrelled gun. I knew that my whole chance depended upon the exhibition of utter unconcern, and I continued quietly, as though my studio had been of the commonest sort.

Suddenly the whole party drew up, the leader thundered out, "Give me some

water." I turned and looked at him from head to his horse's feet, and then very deliberately at the others, and resumed my task without saying a word. And then again he spoke, "Do you hear? Give us some water." After turning to him once more, with a little pause, extending my right hand on my breast, I said, "I am an Englishman; you are an Arab. Englishmen are not the servants of Arabs; they take Arabs for servants. You are thirsty—it is hot. The water is there; I will out of my kindness let you have some, but you must help one another; I have something else to do," and I turned again quietly to work. They muttered together in conclave. Presently the leader again spoke, "Are you here all alone?" "No," I said, "I have Arabs of the tribe of Aboudaouk waiting upon me." "Where are they?" "Well, some are with my tent and animals in the Wady Zuara, but one comes with me to stay all day." They looked about while they handed the bottle from one to another and drank. And then again the speaker said, "We should see him were he here." "But," I said, "he saw you coming when you were at a distance, and, being afraid, he went to the mountain to hide himself." At which my questioner said, "Call him." I looked at him very gravely, and said in a convincing tone, "But I don't want him." The reply was, "We want him." "Well," I added, "then *you* call him; his name is Soleiman." After a little discussion, the strangers seemed to see reason in the argument; and the plain echoed with the name—familiar to Arabs as that of the imperial wizard over Nature—but no response came. "There," they said; "there is no one, or he would answer." My explanation was that I had before said he was afraid, that they best knew what, under such circumstances, it was needful to speak, and accordingly the name was again shouted, with solemn pledges of amity. Presently a voice was heard with demands for further assurances of safety, and then my brother stood up from behind a rock, and gradually he came down, bringing the donkey back with him. He advanced direct to the men with salutations, and he kissed the leader, and the others; and they returned the kiss, and began to talk, each stating his tribe. When the ceremony was over, the horsemen dismounted; they formed a circle, they lit pipes, and sat down to talk.

To the first questions put, I heard Soleiman reply that the tent was guarded by one hundred of his tribe, some of whom

were always coming down to us; that I had bargained with the sheik to stay a month or two; that I had been on the spot twelve days; and what I did on arriving. "What does he come here for?" was asked. "He comes," said Soleiman, "each day from the tent at sunrise, and stays till sunset writing on that paper with his colored inks taken out of those bottles." "Ah!" was muttered, "why doesn't he stay in England, and leave our country to us?" "Who can say," returned my brother, "why *frangis* do what they do?" "True," said the speaker; "has he any arms?" "That which he holds in his hand," said my brother, "is a gun with two souls, and I have seen him shoot large and small lead with it. But under his coat he has a pistol, which will shoot, not twice only, but as many times as he likes without reloading, for when I have asked whether it would fire again he has gone on to five, and then put it away; and I knew it would still shoot." "But why did he stay here when you went?" "He said that he trusted in Allah." Then came the muttering of some of the attributes. "Does he ever talk?" "While he writes he will not talk, but when coming here, eating, and going home, his words are many." "What does he say?" "Many things; he told me why this sea is called Bahr Lut." "Tell us," and Soleiman commenced giving my history of the wickedness of the people of the four cities of the plain, of God's wrath, of the visit of the three angels to Ibrahim at Mamre, of his pleadings, of the reception of two by Lut, of the flight, the death of the wife, and of the overthrow by fire of the four cities, so that no man knew where they had been, and of the escape to Zoar. The history was much embellished by the rich Arabic of the narrator. After a pause he went on to describe my dancing, until it was evident the strangers had many weighty problems to resolve.

For a time there was no sound but that of smoking. Silence was broken by a new speaker, who said, in a smothered voice, "I want to talk;" and his fellows invited him to do so. His address was thus: "The khowagha is a magician; he has books in his own country, like other Franks, which tell him all things. He has learnt about the four cities; they were of course magnificent towns, full of silver and gold, and riches of all sorts. He came before with his two friends to look; they could not find the places of the cities; they knew that we Arabs would not let them search and dig, and so he returns once

more with a large paper, and on it he writes, as Soleiman says, the sky, the mountains, the plain, the sea, and even the salt. He had the white goat led over the ground to charm it; when done, he will take the paper to England. And with a sponge he will wipe out the colored inks, and at the bottom he will find the four cities, wherever they were, and he will become possessed of all their riches." The suspended breathings were resumed with a groan. "It must be so," all said. Then came questions as to my further stay. I had not said a word yet to Soleiman of my leaving before the stipulated term; and what he said was of a kind to make them think I should stay, however hurried, another week or more. Very low conferences ensued, until at last it was resolved to leave me. They had some calculations in their head, but I still went on with my work as though I had no thought of them.

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

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AN ADVENTURE IN CARIBOO.

HAVING in my time wandered over no small part of the globe, and being now laid up in ordinary, it is my chief delight to toss over the sere and yellow leaves of my memory by the help of travelled visitors. Such wayfarers are the most honored and welcome guests of my old oak-panelled smoking-room, on whose walls hang many an antlered trophy of the chase; and many a weapon, from my own well used English guns to the "curst Malayan kreese" from Perak and Salangore, serves, if not to point a moral, at all events to invite or suggest many a tale.

My old friend Captain P—— was here at the end of last year for a week's visit, and the reversion, in the matter of pheasants, of my more modern friends' leavings. Those young gentlemen are not satisfied with anything less than twenty brace a day to each gun, but we old stagers are not such epicures, — we who know what it is to shoot for our suppers, and to go hungry then. P——'s best stories, I think, hail from the West; though there are few of the parochial divisions of this planet that would not furnish him with a text. But he handles the West as if he loved it, as Izaak Walton bade us handle the frog. He is at home anywhere there: on the prairies, the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific Coast from Alaska to Panama.

He had been, many years ago, a government officer, magistrate, gold-escort captain or the like, in British Columbia.

On the evening which I will take as an epoch to start with, our party consisted of a certain Chancery barrister, who shot well, drank fair, and had the sometimes provoking gift of summing up the merits of one of our tales of outland with a judicial neatness often not to be anticipated from their wild ingredients; the parson of the parish, who might sometimes, I fancy, have preferred whist, short or even long, to our everlasting travellers' tales; P——, and myself.

We had been conversing on the subject of flies. Our remarks had been severe on those works of nature, and devoid of any shade of Brahminical charity. Their splendid impudence had been dealt with, and the barrister had even cited Mr. Ruskin against them. The rector had reminded us of the etymology of the title "Beelzebub." I, for my part, though certainly against the grain, had assumed the brief of devil's advocate, and pleaded that some doctors (names unknown) had held that mosquito bites (in quantity unknown) will act (in circumstances not precisely stated) as a prophylactic against fever.

"Although," said P——, after meditatively filling up his long tumbler and cramming a fresh charge of kanaster into his vast meerschau, "although flies once did help me to a little fortune (it was over seven thousand dollars), yet they must not call me as a witness to character. I'm dead against them: *La mort sans phrase* is my verdict."

We waited, for indeed he was the last speaker on the subject, and we were quartering the ground to flush a story, or some subject to shoot a story at.

"The best fellow, the very best out and away, of my acquaintance in the French army — and in the Crimean days and before that I knew many — was Hector Cardac, a squadron-leader of Macmahon's out there in the mud in Algeria — as good a soldier and comrade as ever slapped a sword home in scabbard. He was mighty quick at pulling it out, too, by the same token."

We thought a story was to the fore now, but none of us could think how the flies were to come in.

"Well," resumed he after some solemn puffs of his calumet, "well, he died — of the bite of a bluebottle fly on the sands of Boulogne. A queer fate for such a fire-eater! Poor Hector! his bold soul must have made the air shake over those mead-

ows of asphodel yonder, when he realized it, and commented there on it in his free fashion." And P——, in the character of Hector's *vates sacer*, here blew out so vast and indignant a volume of smoke that it seemed to be that hero's shade in person and in the very act of the utterances suggested.

All this was very moving, but we clearly had not yet flushed the story; and the barrister found voice for us by saying dryly, "Let us have the case for the flies, such as it is—the seven thousand dollars."

"Well," said P——, "in the year 1860, or thereabouts, I was taking the pay of our sovereign lady, and giving no small share of very hard work for it, in her Majesty's colony of British Columbia. I was a justice of the peace, and had somewhat indistinct and multifarious duties connected with the maintenance of order generally, and of the gold-escort in particular. In the fall of that year I was in the northern, and in those days extreme, limits of the colony—at the Forks of Quesnelle, to speak by the card—as an early winter began to whisper hoarsely and frostily to the various mining-camps that it was time to be pulling up flume-boxes, and for prudent folk to be turning their faces south. Men who had done well began to think of the amenities of the saloons and billiard-halls of Victoria; if very well, they dreamed of even Frisco as a place of hibernation; while men who had been avoided by the quick wings of Fortune were fain to balance the prospect of taking the down road only to re-measure its weary miles after a long winter, against that of hibernating in the society of icicles and tree-martins.

"It cost money then to insure the safe transport of 'dust' from the mines to the lower country. The smart red jackets of the gold-escort had to be paid for as smartly; nor, if the truth must be told, was the security so provided altogether equal to that of a Chubb's safe in a bank cellar. The escort boys were only men of mould. They could fill a pit like other men; and though there was never a serious attack in my time, we had plenty of alarms to season our excursions with, and one abortive ambushade. Many owners of dust wouldn't trust it to the escort, and some didn't like the toll; and so it came to pass that many a little Jew trader, of furtive proclivities and frugal mind, would sneak down the forest trails carrying his wealth himself, and make his way (zy, marry, and sometimes fail to make

it!) in a hunted sort of fashion to the lower country. And many a stout Californian with buckskin belt well filled, or heavy saddle-bags, preferred his own insurance to that of 'the petticoat government' it was often his ungallant humor to rail against. Between these two sorts of wayfarer, the one fleeing like a partridge on the mountains, and the others in jovial Chaucerian sort of cavalcade, banded together for safety and good company, swaggering and ruffling through the primeval woods, there were many grades of travellers. These fellows, however, stick to one's memory—gay with the glow of anticipated pleasures, pleasures to be all the sweeter by long and forced abstinence from them, comfortable and secure with a fortunate season behind them, with the bravery of bright revolver butts and scarlet shirts, in hard training from successfully 'bucking at the tiger' of nature in her most primitive form like men who had been warring with mammoth and mastodon and had come off winners—these boys made bright pictures enough. If there was no soldierly clash of stirrup and scabbard, no jingle of consecrated romance, no feather and flourish of war, yet the tin drinking-cup clinked gallantly against frying-pan or kettle as they rode, and these paladins of pelf were, to do them bare justice, as full of fight as any soldiers who ever wore their country's color.

"Part of the way I happened (having a duty just then to be performed in a quiet, non-official way) to join such a party as I have described going from the Forks of Quesnelle down to Williams's Lake. These two points are some hundred and fifty miles apart, and thirty miles a day in the woods was very good travelling. Slow it was, but not monotonous. If there were a monotone, it was of the dark and sombre twilight of the constant ceiling of pines through which the sun and upper air reached us arrow-wise. Below, there was a variety of travel; here a wet bottom of mud, deep enough and thick enough to pull an animal's shoe off; there a big fallen tree across the trail, to be negotiated with cattle which could fly as soon as jump; and these would be relieved by a red-wood tract of cedars, with a slippery carpet of needles so clean, so sweet, and in all weathers so dry, that it used to seem a shame not to off saddle and camp then and there instead of leaving it. At times the road would climb over a hogback, or divide, and the travellers would toil and struggle up hill, to

emerge in time upon some bare scalp of mountain—granite, syenite, or metamorphic rock—where the berry or kinnickinnick enamelled the white quartz with its scarlet berry and glossy leaf, or where the sole vegetation the snow-water had to trickle through was composed of peat and patches of moss-hag. There was no game, nothing to shoot at here; unless, which Saint Hubert forbid! foul murder were done upon the chipmunks, a friendly gracious little race of striped squirrels, which frisk and flirt, and play at hide-and-seek with the human traveller along the wayside trees, or upon the whiskey-jacks, portentously tame birds in Prussian colors of white and black, in size between a magpie and a wagtail, which enjoy all the immunities of our robin, and will perch on a man's knee while he is eating his dinner. No; there is nothing for the sportsman on these trails. What game there is listens to the freeborn accents of the white man, and shrinks deeper within the forest shades, and no traveller has leisure to seek it there.

"Well, we got down in time to Williams's Lake, a broad valley with two ranches or farms, about a mile apart, where onions, at fifty cents apiece, and milk (those two anti-scorbutic longings of the man of pork-and-beans) were to be obtained—a foretaste of the luxuries of the lower country. The houses were both well filled with guests, for other mining districts were swelling the downward stream of travel. I will spare you a description of the manners and humors of these caravanserais, and go on to say that, having secured a tolerably promising corner for my blankets, I had rolled myself up in them, with my saddle for a pillow, and was well in the first dreamless sleep of the tired man, when—it was only about ten o'clock—a galloping horse suddenly pulled up outside, and loud cries—"Oh, Williams! you've got the judge there! We want the judge!"—waked me up. In that country it doesn't take much to open the weariest man's eyes, nor, on the other hand, is undue excitement fashionable among Anglo-Saxons; so, while the slight discrepancy between night and day dress was being rapidly adjusted, the whole story was told in a few curt sentences to this effect.

"At the other house a little difficulty had occurred—a shooting scrape. The victim was not dead yet, but as the manner of it—a felon shot from behind—had alienated the sympathies of the boys, it had resulted in the offender being

'corralled' and detained, and the judge, who was reported to be at the other ranche, being sent for.

"The interior of the other house, which was soon reached, to eyes fresh from the cool dark night presented a picture that I well remember. The large log building was not divided into rooms and passages, and the cavernous glooms and abysses of its nocturnal condition made it seem vaster than it was. The chief light came from the fire of pine logs stacked endwise up the chimney; and it flashed red upon a strange and numerous company.

"There was, as a matter of course in these womanless lands, an efficient and beautiful manliness in the atmosphere. Death! What is death to dwindle, peak, and pine about? Still as little a thing to be frivolous, or cynical, or to bluster about. A fact of what we call life, like any other fact, but with the gravity of finality about it; one of the more emphatic facts, and to be reckoned with as such, but no more. Such was the feeling that animated these men. Few of them, probably, had read 'Hamlet,' but his thought was their thought—"If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all." And if the hard life at close grips with nature brings about the same results as divine philosophy, who would not rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak?

"Before the fire, not unskilfully propped up, was the victim—a poor, weak, vicious-looking creature. He had been shot through the lungs, and was bleeding fast to death internally. The murderer sat a little way off with his back to the wall, fenced in by a long table. Opposite him sat two silent guards, one with his cocked revolver in his hand, the other with a similar weapon on the table before him. Like the other's, his was no true miner's face. He looked a villain of the town, like the understrapper of a gambling hell; not a villain of the open air at all. The crowd, who had been withheld from their sleep by this red business, welcomed my entrance with a grave silence.

"Good evening, gentlemen, where is the owner of this house?"

"He stepped forward and quietly said that the two men had arrived together from the northern road on the evening before, and had rested at his house the whole day; that about nine that evening he observed them come in from outside together; that they had a drink of whiskey at his bar, and he now remembered that

they seemed sulkily disposed to each other. They must have gone out again, for half-an-hour later he heard a pistol shot close outside, and, the door opening, the wounded man staggered in, and fell on the floor, bleeding freely at the mouth. It was found on examination that the shot had entered the back and come out at the breast. The poor wretch was unable to say more than 'Let—the—old—man—take—care!'

"To my request for further evidence, a respectable-looking man, Joe Davis of Antler, deposed that he was coming in from doing up his mule in the barn when he saw in the dusk two figures near the house door; he heard words of apparent dispute, then the report and flash of a pistol shot; then a man ran almost into his arms, whom he seized and disarmed of a dragoon revolver (produced). The man sat there (pointing to the prisoner).

"I then approached the victim, for whom there was obviously no aid in surgery, and, having improved the position in which he lay a little, could get nothing from him but a faint answer, by sign and look, to the effect that the prisoner was the man who had shot him.

"I then asked the prisoner, 'What is your name?'

"'James Connor.'

"'Where of?'

"'Shirt-tail Cañon, Cariboo.'

"'Did you shoot this man?'

"'That's for you to find out, if it's your business.'

"'Do you know his name?'

"Silence. 'James Connor, you are my prisoner in the queen's name, on the charge of attempting to murder a man here present, name unknown. You will be good enough to hand over any concealed weapons, or papers you have about you, or I shall take them from you by force.'

"The men opposite him deliberately covered him at two feet distance with their revolvers as he slowly produced a common butcher's knife from under his coat, and a derringier from his trousers pocket, and further, with some reluctance, a rude little pocket-book or leather case (which, by the way, contained nothing of any importance as evidence), and a very artistic bowie knife, with a scientifically proportioned blade and a haft of green shell-work, such as San Francisco cutlers are proud to make. My volunteer constables then civilly informed me that they, though not British subjects, had been moved by the special nature of this 'difficulty' to

act as they had done; but that beyond 'clinching' the prisoner for me with their experienced hands, they could do and would do no more. Accordingly, a couple of stout raw-hide lariats were produced, with one of which Mr. Connor was very neatly and quickly bound, while the end of the other was so arranged round his neck that, while he could in no wise slip his head out of it, the holder of the other end of it passing as it did over a hook in the roof of the room, could strangle him incontinently at will with a slip-knot well lubricated for the purpose. The situation was not agreeable for me, and scarcely dignified. The duty of a constable or jailer thrust upon a magistrate; the surrounding persons, at the best cold assentors to 'British justice,' at the worst, when the indignation of the original witnesses should have subsided (and Mr. Davis refused to wait voluntarily, and carried his summons as witness, scrawled by me on an old envelope, down country with him), too probable sympathizers with, and perhaps rescuers of, the criminal. The only hope I had was in a rumor that the judge of the criminal assize was reported to be somewhere in the neighborhood. He, at all events, would have physical force of some kind, and would relieve me of my prisoner. Him, whatever might betide, I determined to hold while hand and hilt kept together, and while the tired eyelids of my tired eyes could be induced to keep apart. Looking back now on what did happen, I hardly know if I should so have determined could I have foreseen it.

"Gentlemen, I never slept for five nights and four days from the moment of that capture! They tried to bribe me; first with one gold watch, then with three, all of the huge American pattern; then with leather bags of dust, also increasing in value. At last I had to threaten that I would hang the man, with the lasso that never left my hand, if they did not cease. At length, on the evening of the fourth day, when I positively believe I was light-headed, but keeping a firm grip on the lasso nevertheless (whether the poor devil, Connor, was light-headed, I did not perhaps too curiously consider) without even a rumor from the road to prepare me, dear old N., the magistrate of the district we were in, having heard of my strange plight, sent two special constables to relieve me of my man. They did so, and let him escape within the hour. 'Bribed?' you ask—who knows? Connor's friends, or the law's enemies, were many and rich. They had had relays,

of horses on more trails than one for several days, I learned afterwards. As for me, I slept for six-and-thirty hours without a break, and have now arrived at the point when I can introduce the promised flies into my narrative.

"The foregoing unsatisfactory episode being ended, with the only good result that my sometime jaded mare was now as fit as a four-year-old, I went about my business, having received a cheerful message from Mr. Connor that he intended to shoot me 'on sight.' This stereotyped warning of the West generally means business, and is considered by the party receiving it as a legitimate warrant for any extreme of anticipatory reprisal and defence; but I never expected to see Connor again, and I blew his message out of the range of practical politics.

"On my way down, some fifty miles from Williams's Lake, I encountered at a wayside house a face that was familiar, and presently remembered it as belonging to an elderly and feeble-looking miner, who in the first day or two of my acting as constable, had hovered about me in a diffident way, as if desirous of speaking, and yet disappeared without any actual parley having taken place. The strange thing was, however, that he was now, in the very teeth of winter, going up country. He appeared still very shy, and we barely exchanged half-a-dozen words with each other till about eleven the next morning, to which hour I had waited to let the ice melt off the roads. We were sitting together in a sort of rude verandah that gathered the beams of the morning sun; I looking over some notes, and he dozing in the corner of the settle. I noticed with some compassion the deep lines of his face, and idly wondered what strange matters might be read between them, had any one the key to the cipher. The flies, the meanest sort of all, the common house-flies, were troublesome, and perhaps investigating also the strange matters writ in the poor deep wrinkles. He twitched and moaned pathetically; and I, with the end of my long glove, assumed the humble negro function of frightening away the blue-tail flies to give him a little more of the sweet rest of unconsciousness.

"Soon I was aware, though he never moved, that his weary gaze was fastened upon my proceedings. After a few seconds he spoke slowly: 'Jedge, I take it mortal kind of you to lay out on me for that there stint; don't laff, but it seems to kinder mind me of my mother forty years ago. There's a pesky sight of flies in

this here world. I mostly skeer 'em off myself — when they don't — bide!'

"There was an indescribable pathos in the old man's nasal drawl. He spoke as one who had got his death-wound in his heart, as he went on: 'I reckon you remember me in the crowd yonder, when you corralled that critter, Connor? I had reasons to be grateful to you, jedge, and with my poor sister's son, Dave Crow (that was him as was shot by Connor), with him — God's mercy on him even! — out of my path, and Connor chained up in your British calaboose, or, maybe, hanged for good and for all, I guessed the last of my troubles was over. I was wrong though. I was half in the mind to let on up yonder and tell what I had to do with it all; but it seemed to kinder fix itself so's I'd better not — and I let out for the down trail, wall, not lighter — there aint much lightness left me, I reckon, naow — but feeling I'd better not meddle with the way things was fixed up for me. This yer was my second season in a creek, 'way over between Antler and Yaller Jacket. Last year I made a little under ten thousand dollars in coarse gold, much of it fossicked out in Australian fashion. I was too sad a man to be much raised by that or anything in this world; but I cach'd half of it under the floor of my cabin, and tuk the rest down last winter. I wrote to America to Dave, a bad boy, but all of my blood then above the grass roots — nothin' left naow — nothin'! I told Dave to come on and be a son to me. He came — sure he came. I wonder he spared the money for that naow. We come up together last spring, and the luck held — both ways, jedge, the luck held. The gold panned out well, and Dave's ill-luck, in the shape of James Connor, rejoined him up here. I guess it was a sorry record bound them two boys in sech a tight cahoot together; but I needn't reckon that over to you naow, if so be I knowed it all. I haven't been so much alone — I've not marched the most of my days to the sorerful tune I hev — not to be able to read men's hearts, you kin lay your bottom dollar on that, jedge. Them men meant *murder*! — they meant it for weeks, and meant it for months. Seems to me now I've raked some in, that money ain't so very much in this world as they make of it; yet to a man who's bin powerful poor for sixty year, it figures large when it seems like he'd lose it, and then — the nat'ral contrayriness of human natur'! I worked and watched agin them two wolves enough to eat a man's heart

out. We shared up evens three weeks agone, and let out together for Victory. You know what happened at Williams's Lake, and you kin put a meanin' to it now. Two days ago I heard Connor was broke loose. He don't know where the dust is buried, but he reckons putty straight that some *is* buried, and may I — 'here the old man, to my astonishment, exploded a train of some six of the most terribly ingenious oaths I ever heard in British Columbia, 'if he does find it, and does keep it on this side of hell!'

"We had some conversation about the hardships and dangers of the winter, of which he made light; and then, after some simple allusion to my tender sympathies with him as evinced by my keeping the flies off him just before, he begged me with great urgency to see him again at a camping-place in Cariboo, which I should pass through in some eight or ten days on my last journey up. He said it was important, and promised to explain why when we should meet; and so we parted for that time.

"You will be pleased to suppose that these ten days have elapsed, and that I am back in the snow and sitting in a rude, deserted wayside cabin, with the old man again for companion. My horse has been coaxed within the cabin too; and the deep silence of the snow world lies on us as if we were the last survivors of an era.

"I told you, jedge, I wanted you to take some kinder statutory declaration, and to make some sorter inventory as would make an old man pass in his checks with some sorter peace of mind. I told you there was a bit of Cinnabar prospectin' as nobody but me did know, or was like to know. I told you, jedge, that this was the last favor I reckoned to ask of livin' man, and now I beg and implore you this very night to come. I know the trail as well as the riffles in my own flume. Five miles, five hours, and a road (the way I'll take you) fit for the governor's lady.'

"The weird fascination of the man's appeal borrowed nothing from his words, or even his manner in the ordinary sense; but there was a magnetism in it that reminded me of old German ballads, and that, at any rate, gained his point.

"That night's march over those mighty metamorphic rocks, through that gigantic volcanic ruin now frozen so stiff and cold, though I shall never forget it, would require a Dante to sing and a Doré to depict its awful beauties. At last we reached the claim. The snow had clothed the torn and riven banks and heaps of boulders,

the ordinary ravages of mining, with its smooth and pure outline; and the cabin door, deftly and speedily opened by the owner's familiar hand, let us into its neat and orderly precincts. Materials for light and fire were ready prepared for use, though we had antedated the matter by a whole winter, and having used them we sallied forth again to stable my horse in a somewhat distant shelter. On our return some coffee and crackers (biscuits, that is) lent a sense of fragrance and festivity to the little shanty; but I was shocked to observe the weakness of the old man when he was thawed from the cold. He waived aside, however, all notice of this, and showed me how to supplement the scanty comforts of the lowest of three bunks with a nondescript collection of coverings, old sacks, and even planks and dry branches, till my future bed looked like a wood-pile into which I was to creep feet foremost.

"It comes to me, cap'en,' slowly said Summers — did I mention his name before? — 'it comes to me that this thing is pretty nigh played out. I guess the Cinnabar must wait; no man but me could show you the way to that; but just under where I am sitting (and I put this yer stool here a puppus), the depth of a pick-handle, lies some two hundred and sixty ounces of dust as near as I can mind, tied up in three canvas sacks; and that thar dust, jedge, cap'en dear, my boy, as druv the flies from the old man's face — the old man's face as has every tear drained off it by years o' weepin' in his heart — that dust is for you. You're young, and I have no one belonging to me in the world. I'll give you a writin'-sign, — a writin' saying the dust is yours.'

"I struggled as well as I could against the man's benevolent intentions; but at last had to promise that I would exhume the gold, and accompany him to the settlements in the morning. Summers was so weak by this time that I was obliged to wrap him up, and compose him for sleep in front of the replenished fire. He felt no pain, and begged me to go to rest, which I did at last, clothed as I was, and warned by some intuition to arrange my pistol for instant use.

"I must have slept an hour or more when the old man's voice awakened me, repeating in a stronger but far-off sort of voice the same string of unspeakable imprecations that I formerly declined to repeat for your benefit, or rather injury. They did not sound so vicious this time; but gave me the idea of a sort of wild

abracadabra, or verbal fetish, used to fortify or accentuate a resolution. I slept again, and again awoke, this time to some purpose. As my eyes opened, a match was struck in the cabin, and to my amazement—for somehow I had never anticipated this—James Connor stood, with a candle in one hand and a pistol in the other, peering into the cold and silent face of the dead miner; dead—in a second that was evident, for no pious hand, though my own was near, had closed his weary eyes, and they were wide open and the jaw fallen in all the unloveliness of death. I must have made some motion or sound, for the murderer's light and weapon both quickly moved upon me as I lay supine on one elbow, with, thanks to my intuitive precautions, the muzzle of my revolver covering him as he stepped sideways towards my bunk. There was no use in delaying the end; I pushed aside the nondescript mass of coverings with my pistol-hand and showed myself. The ruffian backed a moment.

"The judge, by the jumping Moses!" he hoarsely exclaimed. Then, to do him justice, his voice grew firm, and he demanded sternly and briefly: "You had my message?"

"It was touch and go; fortunately I was ready, as I replied: 'Take my answer!'"

"The hammers of both weapons fell together. My pistol, resting on the bunk edge, sent its bullet home under the man's left breast; his must have 'thrown up,' and the ball merely turned up a skin-deep furrow just above my left ear.

"I dug up the dust as Summers had directed, and enlarged the hole till it afforded a shallow grave for him and Connor. I piled over them as many large stones as I could conveniently drag from the hearth, and rode away in the early morning, a sadder and a richer man by some seven thousand dollars. Some of it I spent on myself; what I did with the rest is hardly worth talking about."

From The Contemporary Review.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN CHINA.

AMONG the countries of the distant East, China holds the highest place in the estimation of the Western world. She will certainly keep the position she has won, and it becomes a duty for Western statesmen to make themselves acquainted with her history and resources. The combina-

tions of educated intelligence with vast population, of homogeneity of race with fertility of production, of excellence of climate with vast mineral resources, unite in giving her a unique position among the Eastern nations.

The Marquis Tseng has told us in vigorous metaphor that China was always powerful, though she did not know it, and that she is now better acquainted than ever before with the realities of her position. She has many skilled diplomatists, who know how to take advantage for her good of the mutual jealousies and fears of the European States. These men study telegrams and read translated leaders from the *Times*. The viceroys and governors serve their country loyally, and rejoice in her prosperity. They appreciate highly the usefulness of political craft, and when the cloud of expected war hangs over the European horizon at any point, they cherish the hope that they may by diplomatic skill make the changed combinations of Western politics subserve the interests of their country. They are better statesmen than they are generals, and they are beginning to enjoy Western politics as an interesting game of skill in which they may take part with every prospect of success through that unimpassioned Oriental astuteness which is the gift of their race. Europe has six great powers, America one, and Asia is now aspiring to be recognized, and is recognized, as having one great power also. War has done China much good by making her sensible of her deficiencies, and showing her how she can best cope with foreign powers. She is now stronger than she ever was before, and she will become stronger yet. It is quite within her power to increase the number of her trained soldiers, to gain still more aid from the employment of foreign officers, and to strengthen the forts which guard her harbors. It has been proved that Chinese soldiers can meet European soldiers on the field of battle, behave well, and oblige their opponents, after hours of severe fighting, to return to their ships, worn out. Then they have seen them weigh anchor and sail away, leaving China in possession of the territory they coveted. It may on some future occasion be proved that China can also take care of her war-ships when unexpectedly attacked by some foreign enemy. She has now initiated an elaborate system of naval instruction, so that her war-vessels will in future, it is to be hoped, be manned by more competent persons. There is nothing to prevent the command being given

to men of energy, promptitude, and courage, whether Chinese or foreign. Should there at some future time be unfortunately another war, China's navy may quite possibly prove able to take care of itself, and inflict loss on those who attack her. If this be the result of the naval training now being given in the newly established schools, the government and people of the middle kingdom will certainly have made advancement, and considering the experience they have gained in fighting, and their possession of Western artillery, they may be said to be stronger now than they ever were before. But it is unsafe to prophesy. The Chinese fight better on shore than at sea, and they have not yet had a naval hero.

Although the imperial family is Manchoo, and new to China two centuries and a half ago, the patriotism of the viceroys and governors is undoubted; they are animated by a real love for the government—a love which seems to survive undiminished the severe punishments to which they are, when in fault, sometimes exposed. Their humble submission to chastisement is most remarkable, and loyalty is a virtue which is assiduously cultivated from their earliest youth. The patriotism of the governing class has been conspicuous for a generation in the band of Hoonan patriots who have occupied high positions. The province of Hoonan lies north of Canton and south of the Yangtze River. Hoolinyi was one of these patriots. He was governor of Hoo-pei when the Taiping rebellion broke out, and formed the plan by which it was ultimately put down. Tseng-kwo-fan, the first Marquis Tseng, and his son and successor in the marquise, just returned from Europe, and his brother, the viceroy of Nanking, and another son, treasurer of Kwei-chow, all belong to this band. Another member of it was Kwo-sung-tau, who came as minister to England ten years ago. Tso-tsung-tang, who reconquered Cashgar after a revolt of twenty years, was another. Peng-yii-lin, who was sent to Canton as special commissioner to assist the viceroy in keeping the French away from that important city, is also a member of this band; and so is Yang, the viceroy of Foochow. These men slowly rose from comparative obscurity, and they have unitedly aided in the enthusiastic endeavor to restore peace to their native country by quelling rebellions, whether Taiping or Mahommendan. There is abundant evidence of the devoted loyalty of such men to the government. The same may be

said of the public men belonging to other provinces, such as the redoubtable Li-hung-chang, viceroy of the metropolitan province, and one of the grand secretaries. There is not the least reason for doubting his fidelity even during those years when many foreigners said he was not to be trusted, and was himself planning revolt. Those who spoke thus did not know the man, nor did they understand the country. There is positively no ground for questioning the loyalty of any of the viceroys or governors, and as they are men of tried ability, who have passed through many years of service in inferior posts, by which they have acquired much official experience, they form a staff of useful public servants, who keep the wheels of the State vehicle moving, and avert many a danger threatening the public welfare.

The fact that the Manchoo nation rules the Chinese does not weaken China. The people, and especially the *literati* of China, are loyal to the imperial family just as if it were Chinese. "The emperor is to me the donor of literary rank, and his ancestors gave my ancestors literary honors for seven or eight generations. I owe him fealty as the fountain of my honors." Such is a specimen of the way in which they reason, and it is an understood thing that any who, on occasion of a popular rising at any place, may be acting as chief magistrates, must die rather than quit their posts. To talk politics is in common life not allowed. The well-conducted citizen pays his taxes, attends to his own affairs, and avoids criticising the government. If he goes to take a cup of tea in a large tea-shop, he sees written up in large characters, "Do not talk politics. The master of the house wishes his customers to avoid such conversation, on his own account as well as on theirs." People will converse of course on political subjects, notwithstanding this injunction, and run the risk of being observed by some one who may report what they have been heard to say, with additions. The daily newspaper, too, is forcing its way as an exciting novelty, and its compact dose of news, local and foreign, is growing into a necessity. But the old system is built up on the absence of political thought as a foundation, and it is considered that this abstinence from criticism of the government is a duty. Passivity engenders loyalty, as in some countries ignorance is thought to be the mother of devotion. In China a prudent man does not call in question the wisdom of the powers that be.

The ancient emperors who ruled badly are criticised. History holds her balances, and puts each actor on the scene into her scales, to decide what good he has done and what evil; but as to the living, silence is golden.

Certainly, revolutions in Chinese history have been numerous, and the people have more than once shown very strongly the desire to expel foreign dynasties. But the government has always been despotic, and a change of dynasty is only a change of masters. The good to be gained by an uprising is problematical. The risks to be run by a rebel are overwhelmingly great. The patriotic cry of China for China has its effect only when a rebellion has become powerful enough to maintain order and conduct the literary examinations throughout whole provinces. Then the people have no choice, and they transfer their loyalty to those who have the power. At the beginning of the Ming dynasty, in the fourteenth century, China became intensely patriotic when the Mongol emperors were driven out. In the fury of the people's zeal at that time the Nestorian missions disappeared, and the Roman Catholic churches and fathers in Peking were not again heard of. It was not that the religion they taught was hated; the people hated its foreign origin. In the twelfth century the population in north China were loyal to the golden dynasty, which was Tartar; while south China was loyal to a native imperial family. Treaties of peace were made at that time with the imperial title of the emperors the same for the two countries, and written at the same height on the paper. The patriotism of China for China did not at that time lead many of the northern people to travel to south China, and reside there rather than live under foreign masters; but there were some such, and among others we hear of the hereditary dukes, the descendants of Confucius, having done this. The remaining descendants of the sage remained in their old home under the Tartar dynasty, and one of them was made a duke, to keep up the sacrifices. During this period the *manes* of Confucius received double honors under the fostering patronage of the two emperors, Chinese and foreign. The Chinese practically do not distinguish the Manchoo empire in their thoughts from the Chinese empire. Their patriotic feeling is one and undivided. The Taipings thirty years ago failed to attract the sympathy of the well-dressed classes in any part of China. They raised the cry of

China for China entirely without success. The religion of the Taipings was foreign, and the hearts of the people remained with the Manchoo, who have consistently maintained the institutions and religion of China. That the Chinese show not the least desire to expel the Tartar dynasty, and have remained faithful to it through the foreign wars and the native rebellions of the last half-century, proves that China is an undivided unit and has a genuine loyalty to the reigning family. This ought to be understood, by the European observer who would estimate accurately the extent and stability of Chinese power.

Five-and-thirty years have passed since the Taiping rebellion commenced in China. They have been mostly years of weakness and disorder. A new period of prosperity has, however, now begun its course, and the cessation of the Chinese emperor's minority just at this time will have caused many eyes to be directed to that country which has so lately entered into diplomatic relations in a regular manner with all the great powers of the West. The rebellions which have weakened it are at an end, and China is now a great Asiatic power. It is the time to take a nearer view.

On February 7th, 1887, at nine o'clock in the morning, the young monarch of that country, just fifteen years and a half old, was present at a special ceremony in the great hall of audience, where he received the homage of about four hundred of the princes, nobility, and officers of State, on the occasion of his personally undertaking for the first time the responsibility of the government. The empress regent last summer fixed this early time for the emperor's attaining his majority under the impression that he had shown great diligence and made great progress in his studies, and that the termination of difficulties with France afforded a suitable opportunity for her to resign to him the reins of power. Her decision caused great trepidation to the ministers. It seemed too soon. The empress's wisdom and experience were still needed in the conduct of the government. A compromise was proposed and adopted, and in consequence the emperor has assumed personal authority, but the empress assists still in the government as the emperor's chief adviser.

The Tai-ho-tien, where the ceremony of installation took place, is the same lofty hall in which the emperor receives the homage of his court on New Year's day and on other special occasions. His per-

sonal suite surround him at such times. Four secretaries stand on the right, holding pencils and tablets to record what the emperor may say. On each side there is a band of musicians, outside the hall door, on the broad marble terrace which fronts it. The music is soft and low. Voices accompany sweet-tuned instruments, and the words chanted express congratulation. Loud sounds are not permitted. Below the terrace are arrayed the courtiers according to rank, including on this occasion none but those of high grades; and beyond them are more musicians. These last make louder sounds than are permitted on the terrace. Beyond them, again, and outside the palace gate, are assembled officers of the lower ranks, who there perform their prostrations. It is not considered necessary for them to see the emperor; it is enough to know that he is on the throne, and this fact the strains of the louder music heard in the distance announce to them. On this occasion the Marquis Tseng, who has become so well known and esteemed in Europe for his ability and diplomatic success, was placed high among the near and the favored. To render the new emperor's title valid in all respects, all was done that could be done at the time when he was selected. When it was felt that the late emperor's illness was beyond cure the Grand Council was called. This consists of princes, nobles, and the chief members of the government. Four sons of Taukwang and uncles of the last emperor were present. Eight hereditary princes, whose titles were given to their forefathers two hundred and fifty years ago, at the conquest, for their services as generals and councilors, were all there. So also were several of the second and third class of princes, with the Cabinet and the heads of the six boards. Though the majority were Manchongs, a not inconsiderable number, and these very influential persons, were Chinese. The question of the succession was considered in all its bearings. The emperor was too ill to make a will, but a will might be made for him, and it might be read to him and his consent obtained. This was done. The empress-dowager named Tsai-tien, son of the seventh prince, her younger sister's first-born. The dying emperor is said to have given his consent. The document fixing the succession, approved by the emperor, but not written with the vermilion pencil, was read to the Council. All the members of the Council signed a document by which they signified their recognition of the new emperor.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LIX. 3048

When this had been done the ninth prince went in his chair to bring his little nephew, which he did, carrying him upon his knee. The emperor will not now be able to recollect what took place that night, for he was but three years and a half old. It was a very cold night in January. His father's residence was in the south-west of the Tartar city, fully two miles and a half from the palace. It was late at night. The little fellow would be warmly wrapped in sables, the favorite winter attire of the rich Manchongs in Peking. He was conveyed by the ninth prince because he is younger than the seventh prince, and for some inscrutable reason was on that account admissible at the seventh prince's residence when the elder brothers, the fifth and sixth princes, would not have been. He was taken at once to the imperial apartments known as the Yang-hsintien (the hall for nourishing the heart), where the two dowager empresses were in waiting to receive him. There he has been ever since, occupying the same apartments in which seven emperors before him have resided since the beginning of the dynasty.*

China has not the law of hereditary right to settle the succession. The government is despotic, and the emperor can choose his own successor; but on the whole it is the eldest son who usually succeeds his father. The emperor is an absolute ruler, and cannot be controlled; but should the best and most capable prince be chosen, and he not be at the same time the eldest, no one need complain that the hereditary principle has not been adhered to. The public welfare needs wise and able sovereigns, and the dying monarch may make a better choice than if he were obliged by law to take the eldest. The monarch, too, in China should in his will appoint a regency. If there be a regency of high functionaries, the empress need not be regent; but if such a regency be not appointed, the empress will become regent. In the case of the emperor Kanghi, who came to the throne in 1662, there was a regency of four; in the case of Kwang-hsi the two empresses were regents. When the father is succeeded by his eldest son, that son offers the sacrifices twice a year to his *manes*, for the rule is that the eldest son is the most suitable person to do this. Should the successor to the throne be a nephew, he ought to be adopted as a son by his uncle. This law of adoption views

* His imperial name is Kwang-hsi.

the empire as an inheritance, and the Chinese law resembles that of the Romans in this respect.

A pathetic tragedy happened at the funeral of the last emperor in connection with the principle of succession to the empire by adoption. An officer, Woo-koo-too, committed suicide because the succession had not been settled to his mind by the empress and the Grand Council. He thought that the emperor Tung-chih was not well treated, because the emperor Kwang-hsü is a cousin and not a nephew. He reasoned in this way: if the emperor Kwang-hsü marry and have a direct heir, that heir will succeed him and perform the sacrifices to him; thus the emperor Tung-chih will be left without a lineal successor. To remedy this fatal flaw in the dynastic succession the emperor Kwang-hsü should, when his son becomes old enough, appoint him the adopted son of emperor Tung-chih, and resign to him the throne. The court did not, and would not, consent to this view, as he was aware; nor would the empress see why the new emperor should be bound to resign when he grew up, by an edict which Woo-koo-too thought she ought to issue. He therefore committed suicide, leaving a document stating his views. This document was found near his body, and shown to the empress. In the decree issued on the occasion, while sympathy was shown for the loyal feeling of the unfortunate officer, his view was not accepted, because the young emperor must be left to decide when the fitting time shall arrive what steps should be taken to ensure the due performance of sacrificial rites to his predecessor on the throne.

An incident like this, taking place seven or eight years ago, shows the genuine loyalty of the Chinese officials, the result of the loyal adherence by the Manchoo sovereigns to the system of examinations, and of the honors distributed yearly to successful candidates. The Manchooks, when they conquered the country, continued the system of the Ming dynasty which they found prevailing, and by a wise intermixture of Chinese and Manchooks in the chief offices of the government succeeded in inducing the *literati* to accept with cordiality the rule of a foreign race. Each of the six Boards, whether of Works, Revenue, Ceremonies, Civil Office, Military Establishments, Criminal Law, has a Manchoo and a Chinese president, and two Manchoo and Chinese vice-presidents. The offices of importance through the country are filled frequently by Man-

choos, but usually by Chinese. The ancient principle in selecting officers is to take those who are "virtuous and prudent." The system of examinations is adopted as a method for discovering what men bear this character. The promotion of education is a secondary aim; the supply of competent officers is the primary intention. This works well for enlisting the people on the side of the existing imperial régime. The officials are connected with the prefectures through the whole empire; the ramifications of their family relationships reach to every part, near or distant. The sympathies of the people are therefore everywhere with the government. Those who do not obtain office with its emoluments obtain some amount of honor and influence through the literary degree they have obtained, or some official title bestowed on them as a reward for services rendered. The government has titles not only for the able and scholarly, but for all military accomplishments—for the rich and the successful in every branch of life. Those who can shoot well at a target are made bachelors, masters, and doctors, just as those who can write a good essay or improvise a poem. The natural patriotism of the people is directed therefore towards the existing government, because all are looking to it, for themselves or for their relatives, with the ardent expectation that at the next scattering of honors and promotions some will fall to their share.

The boundary line of Chinese territory, across which the sons of Han look at Russia, is of immense length, in all more than four thousand English miles. This boundary line begins at Possiet, on the Manchurian east coast, north of Corea. It consists chiefly of rivers for two thousand miles, and for the remaining two thousand, of mountain chains. The river boundary is easily fixed and as easily violated. Russia is more likely to cross the river boundaries than those which consist of lofty mountain chains. All along these lines China is busy strengthening her position. By the last *Gazettes*, which contained a report of the defence expenditure of the three eastern provinces stretching from the Amour River to the Newchwang, Port Arthur, and Corea, it appears that it is under the new Naval Board, and that £216,000 sterling per annum is the total outlay. For this sum about five thousand men, drilled in foreign fashion, are maintained in each of the three provinces. They have sixty Krupp guns under their charge, twenty in each province. In

future a million taels will be required annually for this item — that is about £250,000. The necessary quarter of a million for frontier defence in the Manchurian provinces will, for the present at least, be supplied from the foreign customs revenue. A change is being made in the administration of the three Manchurian provinces. The Chinese emigrant farm-workers, attracted by the fertility of the soil, have increased so much that the normal civil system of China proper is in course of rapid establishment there. Each military governor is now required to discharge the duties of the corresponding civil office. Under him are a certain number of magistrates, who control prefectures and arrondissements. It is easy to foresee that the old military system of Manchuria and Mongolia will be greatly modified, and almost replaced, by a system whose main features are the use of foreign drill and European cannon, and a regular expenditure for frontier defence from the receipts of the foreign customs.

In Chinese Turkestan similar changes have taken place. Surrounded on three sides by mountains, this region is protected from foreign invasion by difficulties like those which opposed themselves to Hannibal and Napoleon when they marched across the Alps into Italy. This renders the task of defence easier. Here also the civil administration of China proper has been introduced, of which a tax on agriculture is the basis. The grass land of Mongolia is here exchanged in many places for fertile gardens and cornfields. The aim of the government is to make all the outlying provinces as much like China as possible. As emigrants press in year by year, the population increases, till the fitting moment has arrived for the establishment of the civil and military examinations, and this completes the transformation of agricultural Tartary to the Chinese type. An admirable method of cheapening military expenditure is that of military colonies. Soldiers cultivate the soil as part of their duties; the receipts and expenditure of military farming districts are a part of the official accounts. By this system lands that once lay waste are brought under cultivation, and the soldier maintains the industrious habits of his youth, while there is a force ready for immediate action should there be either a rebellion or a foreign invasion. The criminal administration is made to dovetail with this official colonization. Criminals sentenced to transportation are conveyed to some locality where

waste land is capable of cultivation. Their wives and children accompany them. They have land, grain, and a cow lent to them, and when the crops are gathered they account for these loans, and pay what is demanded. The government allows their families to accompany them in their distant exile, that they may not run away, and is thus able to prevent their either escaping the full term of their penalty or cheating the government of the autumn dues. This system of military colonies dates from before the Christian era, when the Chinese first conquered Turkestan.

A great impulse has been given to emigration from north China to the fertile lands north-east and north and north-west of the Great Wall by the great famine of 1876, and by the rebellions of the last thirty years. The floods of the Yellow River have also driven multitudes to seek a peaceful home in the rich valleys of the north. They can be reached in a few days by pedestrians walking with packs on their backs in groups of three, five, or more. After a few months, having earned something in a land of plenty, the emigrants return to remove their families to the new home in the wilderness. This work of colonizing the extensive tracts of fertile land which exist beyond the Great Wall must go on increasing so long as peace shall continue. Naturally the policy of China is definitely expansive in this respect. The government fosters emigration, and loses no time in appointing governors to new cities and provinces. For a time the colonies are under military law. Civil law follows, with the system of literary degrees and official distinctions. The Marquis Tseng says, in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* for January, that "in Manchuria, Mongolia, and Chinese Turkestan there are immense tracts of country which have never felt the touch of the husbandman." It is just in these tracts into which the surplus population of China's northern provinces is now pressing so rapidly that the government is fast completing the change from military to civil administration. Thus China is positively becoming stronger in her possessions in Tartary by their growing population and assimilation to her provinces at home. This is a set-off to famines and war, and if the government is successful in preserving internal peace, the northern provinces will recover after a few years the old figures at which they stood in the population lists. The quickness with which the population returns rise and fall is a striking fact in Chinese history. How-

ever great their losses may be, the Chinese are morally certain to recoup them in a very few decades, on account of the salubrity of the country and the self-maintaining physique of the race. The eighteen provinces became twenty-one, if we include Manchuria, where the Chinese are now the largest element of the population. The new large Turkish province will make the number twenty-two, and some think Corea will soon become a twenty-third province.

This brings us to the present attitude of China in regard to Corea and Japan. Corea was incorporated into the empire in the second century before Christ, and again in the seventh century. The Coreans speak a language half of which is their own and half Chinese. The same is true of the Japanese. Both nations long ago adopted the Chinese educational system. The Korean population includes, like that of Tung-king, a very large Chinese element, the residuum from early emigration. But the grammar of the native tongue in Corea and in Japan has kept its place; while the vocabulary of Chinese civilization in all its fulness, with the printers, painters, umbrella-makers, silk-weavers, tea-cultivators, lacquer-makers, junk-builders, wine and toy manufacturers, as well as the books and mechanical implements of China, have made the social economy of those countries what they now are. Corea is legally subordinate to China; her king is a vassal of the Manchoo dynasty, and he and his queen receive their investiture from China. Japan has taken Loochoo, once a Chinese vassal State. France has taken Tung-king, another vassal State. England has taken Burmah, and will send the decennial embassy to keep up an old form; but China will retain no power there. Only Corea remains. Geographically, Corea ought to belong to China, if China were able to keep it. But China has enough to do in taking care of her own coast-line. It may be questioned if she would be acting wisely in assuming a new responsibility, involving a long additional coast-line, with some six harbors to protect. But *prestige* favors China. Corea fears and respects her; and history and near neighborhood have linked the lesser and greater nationalities together from time immemorial. As to Corea herself, she has no power to say yes or no. She is a ball tossed between rival players, and is helpless for attack or defence. But her hope ought to be directed to Western civilization. It is not China that can do

Corea much good. She had better be a neutral State, and facilities ought to be afforded to Europeans to work her coal, copper, and iron deposits, which are very abundant, with Western capital and appliances. Corea could then be brought into a flourishing condition. The great coal deposits of north China are continued under the Peking plain through Corea into Japan, and this fact ensures Corea's future prosperity.

The customs department in Corea is now made a branch of that of China. This shows that the absorption of Corea by China is not unlikely, for it multiplies the links which connect the two countries. The amount of revenue derived from the foreign customs in Corea during nine months of last year was \$130,000. Subtracting the cost of the collecting service, the Korean government would receive three-fourths of this sum. At Seoul, considering the unquestioned poverty of the country, this sum will not be considered small. During the same period the number of Japanese passengers arriving in Corea by steamer was greater by four hundred than the number of those who left; showing that about five hundred Japanese are at present each year taking up their abode in Corea to gain a livelihood. Very few Chinese go there, and it may be concluded from present signs that the trade of Japan with Corea will steadily increase, while the progress of maritime trade between China and Corea will be slow. There is, however, an old-established land trade between Corea and Peking, and with the Manchurian cities on the route, which may account in part for the small amount of Chinese trade at the newly opened ports of Corea. China receives an annual embassy from Corea, and traders accompany the mission. She also gives them her almanac, and on the accession of a new king or queen sends an embassy to invest them with their titles.

At present Corea is exporting gold to Japan at the rate of nearly a million dollars worth in a year. To China by land she exports a very good stout paper made of bark, which bears the same relation to Chinese paper which stout grey shirtings do to thin calico. She also exports ginseng and other medicines, native calicoes, and miscellaneous articles. Her staples at the open ports are bones, cow-hides, and beans. The foreign articles her people like best are grey shirtings, lawns, muslins, and kerosene oil. A new policy needs to be inaugurated in Corea which would allow mines to be worked. It will

then become possible for her to export the metals and coal which are now hidden beneath her soil, the source of riches in the future.

China is now happily at peace with Japan, after some months of troublesome negotiations arising out of the painful event of last year at Nagasaki, when lives were lost in a quarrel between Japanese and a party from a Chinese ship of war on shore at that place. China has lost Loochoo, her most distant dependency, through the action of the Japanese in taking possession of that archipelago without leave. But she has learned to feel that it is better to allow Japan, as matters stand, to retain that insignificant kingdom. The fear of war on account of the Japanese invasion of Formosa was averted by the mediation of the former British minister to China, Sir Thomas Wade. An indemnity paid by China of half a million dollars secured peace. These two powers were glad not to be obliged to fight longer, and this is a good omen. Only in Corea are these nationalities likely to come into collision, and there the presence of the various foreign representatives will tend to maintain harmony. China stands always in need of Japanese copper, lacquer ware, coal, vegetables, wax, and seaweed. At Chinese ports the imports from Japan are just at present, as compared with exports to Japan, as ten to three in value. The Japanese do not need silk or tea, and they receive gold and silver instead. The whole foreign trade of China is valued at 150,000,000 taels. Out of this amount seven millions is the value of Japanese trade, and twelve millions that of the United States. The Japanese trade has increased a million in eight years. It is with Japan as with India. China produces little that either of these countries wants. All three countries produce rice and wheat. The Japanese would be better for more wheat, for they have not the physical endurance of the Chinese. If they imported wheat from China, it would be well for them; as also mutton, to take the place of fish. Sheep will not live in Japan, but the Japanese might use Chinese mutton. This would tend to equalize trade and give more stability to their physical constitution. Before the treaties the Japanese trade with China was a mere shadow. Three centuries ago the Japanese came year by year in pirate fleets to ravage the coast of China. Now there is an increasing trade between the countries, and very satisfactory diplomatic intercourse at Tokio and Peking;

commercial intercourse is regulated at the ports by the presence of consuls. The general effect of all this is decidedly in favor of peace. Every year makes the quiet of the future more assured. China and Japan are learning to live by treaties and the rules of international law, just as if they were Western States. Japan especially benefits by foreign trade, because she will have nothing to do with opium. As an island empire should do, she increases annually her ships and her trade. In tonnage dues last year at Chinese ports she paid more than any country except Germany, America, and England. In the amount of duties on her cargoes, England, France, and Germany alone surpassed her, and she paid more than Russia or the United States. Considering that Japan does not require Chinese tea, whereas all these great powers need immense quantities of it, this fact shows a healthy condition in Japanese trade. Besides this, Christian missions in China and Japan show steady progress, and that progress has been increasingly rapid of late years. There is good reason, then, to expect the maintenance of peace, and increasing commercial prosperity in both empires, for the energies of the people are finding new channels of action, and just in proportion to the enlarged scope for their activities will be the diminution of insurrectionary and lawless tendencies of every kind.

China's position in regard to the Western powers since 1842 is an entirely new departure in her history. Her ministers sit with the diplomatists of Europe in the same council chambers, as equals with equals. This change must have a vast influence on her in coming times. She is too strong not to be respected. Her population is too great and her civilization too advanced to admit of her being subdued by an invading army; at least, no one at present is thinking of attempting it, and each year sees China growing stronger; so that the other powers, whether in Asia or farther away, will be still less likely to attempt it, at any future time. It is a great advantage to her that she has a literally inexhaustible supply of soldiers, and that to meet the expense of foreign drill, she has nearly five million pounds sterling, which the foreign trade will now yield under the new arrangements. This includes the collection by the foreign custom-houses of the tax now agreed on—viz., £15 per cwt., or more exactly eighty taels per picul—on foreign opium. This sum collected for her

by the foreign customs service on the fringe of her empire, helps her to defend that fringe from the attacks of a foreign foe. But she has treaties with all the powers whose ships come to her shores. She has accepted international law as it has been elaborated by Western jurists. So far as documents and signatures can tie and fetter a nation, China is now as much tied and fettered as any other power; and as Mr. Burlingame said nearly twenty years ago, she has really joined the comity of nations. At that time China chose an eloquent American to be her mouthpiece, and he resigned his post as the United States minister to China in order to serve her. Now she has her own diplomatist, the Marquis Tseng, who has, like Mr. Burlingame, also adopted a flowery style when laying his views before the European public. Mr. Burlingame said nothing of China's power, but the Marquis Tseng thinks it well to make a point of this, while he seeks to show that she will not make use of her power to conquer the territory of her neighbors. That is to say, she has consented to be tied by treaties, and she will not break loose with unexpected violence from the obligations she has accepted. Every new treaty between China and a foreign power gives new evidence that China is becoming accustomed to live in the new atmosphere of foreign law with which she is now surrounded. Steam and the telegraph have made Peking and Shanghai nearer to London than Cairo and Alexandria were in the days of our grandfathers. China, therefore, instead of being, as then, a sort of unknown Neptune in the solar system of politics, has become a known factor, whose powers can be estimated, whose opinions can be foreseen, and whose sympathy can be secured by fair dealing and wise judgment.

Towards France, if she bears any malice, she has discreetly concealed it, and French residents in China were during the short war of 1885 in no way disturbed. The sale by the pope of the Peking cathedral to the Chinese government, with the consent of France, has greatly pleased the court; and the French clergy in Peking are in the possession of high honors, conferred most cheerfully by the Chinese. Tung-king has in earlier times been for centuries together a part of China, and has been repeatedly divided into prefectures and arrondissements. China really had always a fancy for Tung-king. In an atlas printed at Hankow in the year 1863 under the direction of the patriotic gov-

ernor Hoo-linyi, the kingdom of Tung-king is carefully included as a part of the empire, and is in the same category with the islands of Formosa and Hainan. This atlas was published in the last year of the Taiping rebellion, and it shows that this governor never lost heart even in dark times, and that while he was planning the restoration of peace and order along the Yang-tze River, he was also hoping to see the glory of the Han dynasty of eighteen hundred years ago restored in the annexation of Tung-king. But each war extinguishes the hopes of some enthusiasts, and the war with France has drawn a line which checks the aspirations of the patriotic who desired to see China's boundaries extending on the south. The settlement with France is made much more satisfactory and secure by the cession of the cathedral. This restoration of an emperor's gift need never have been made if, twenty years ago, when it was rebuilt after a fire, its two towers had not been raised too high. This was a cause of irritation to the imperial family during all the intervening years. As they walked in the palace grounds or were rowed in boats on the lake, they seemed to be in the shadow of demon forms. Two lofty symmetrical towers surmounting a church, whose pointed arches periodically re-echo the mellifluous sounds of organ music and the solemn chant of worship, should rather be viewed as a lovely ornament; but the imperial family and the high mandarin of China saw in them the symbols of intrusion and dangerous proximity. The Eastern imagination finds evil portents anywhere; and France, with her soldiers and her delicate sensitiveness, was always in these towers looking down upon them from a position of superiority. This feeling has now been removed, and the church, it is thought, will remain an architectural ornament only to the palace grounds. The new cathedral will be half a mile away, and the height, which it may not exceed, is limited expressly in the empress's edict announcing the cession of the cathedral. The court of Peking breathed freely after long suspense, when at last the long negotiations with France, the pope, and the clergy were happily concluded. The question of the French missions remains, and it cannot be determined previously by diplomacy, because the time, place, and circumstances of anti-foreign riots cannot be foreseen. The government finds it hard to control popular frenzy arising from ignorance and superstition and a blind

hatred of everything not Chinese. Lately at Chung-king the riot directed its fury against French, English, and American subjects without discrimination. The same thing has happened frequently before. One riot brings the ministers of three or four countries at once with their complaints to the doors of the Yamen for Foreign Affairs. That Board has a hard time on such occasions. Indemnities are promised. Responsibility is recognized. The stupid violence of the is people admitted freely. But while all this has been done, what is most regrettable is that the same thing may occur again at any time in some new locality which before was tranquil. China has legislation against seditious gatherings and religious sects meeting in secret. Death and banishment are freely dealt out to offenders against the laws proscribing certain objectionable sects; but there is no riot act, and it is not made the duty by law of the local magistrates or citizens to help in suppressing the proceedings of a mob attacking foreign residents. Hence a popular rising against foreigners and their property rages on unrestrained by the executive. The sympathy of the richer classes is more with the mob than with the foreigners. The mischief comes to a head, and bursts upon a few helpless victims, and the country loses the amount of the indemnity because the local executive is powerless. In the Chinese statute-book there ought to be a section defining the culpability and punishment of local officers when neglecting to give the protection needed by foreigners in these emergencies, and guaranteed to them by the treaties.

The missionary enterprises of Catholics and Protestants in China share, and ought to share, like other peaceable activities of man in society, in the protection of the law. Chinese law has now been enlarged by the recognition, on the part of the Chinese government, of those parts of the European international law which guard commerce and religion from unjust hindrance and interference.

If missionaries had not been already at work in China when the treaties were made, the interests of merchants only would have been consulted; but happily it is now a fact, from which diplomacy cannot on either side retreat, that foreign residents for teaching religion and science, and travellers seeking to increase human knowledge, are now all of them under the aegis of the treaties. All the treaty powers having any considerable amount of trade

with China have also missionaries in that country, in whose protection their accredited representatives at the Chinese court are naturally interested. It is well for China, a power embracing many religions and nationalities, that the treaties have been made on a liberal basis, and that they engage the Chinese government to respect the religious opinions of native Christians. Missionary operations it is impossible to repress, and the popular ignorance of China shows the paramount need of teaching the simple truths of science in that country. This is done to no small extent in the schools and publications of the missions. In this way China is greatly benefited, and in course of time, as the spread of knowledge loosens the hold of superstition on the people, they will, it is to be hoped, be cured of this tendency to burn and destroy on a sudden impulse. The task of governing them will then become easier, and the advantage accruing to the governing classes by the operations of the missionary societies will be recognized, just as fully as it is at the present time in India, in the official statements of many public men who have had a wide knowledge of the effects of Christian missions in educating and elevating public opinion in that peninsula.

The feeling of China towards England has visibly improved. After all the mischief done by opium to China, her statesmen have none the less been quick to perceive that friendly relations with England should be cultivated. The emperor Taou-kwang tried to put down the habit of opium-smoking by law, and failed, on account of the wretched love of the opium-smoker for the gratification, of which he suffers the pernicious effects. The former minister to England, Kwo-sung-tau, and the lately returned minister, Tseng-ki-tseh, sent home detailed and sympathetic reports of England, which were printed and widely read. England's consent to a collection of a high duty on opium, after long hesitation, was very pleasing to the government. The habit of opium-smoking it was impossible to repress by law, and in the circumstances it was considered better to admit Indian opium at a high duty than at a low one. The government has made no serious and persistent effort to stamp out the native growth of the poppy, nor does it show at present any approach to a new policy in that respect. The cure of opium-smoking must be effected now by moral means. The opium revenue the Chinese government

value too much to abandon. They think it necessary for coast defence, and so pressing is this object that they are now planning railways as a source of revenue to meet the same need. Sixty per cent. from the receipts of railways, when made, is talked about as a convenient addition to the sum required for national defence, military and naval. The people themselves have societies the members of which avoid opium-smoking, tobacco-smoking, spirits, and wine, just as they have also vegetarian societies. To this native propaganda are to be added the efforts of Christian missionaries to promote the abandonment of opium-smoking. The spread of a moral crusade against opium-smoking will be in proportion to the extension of the mission, and the government will necessarily regard the Christian missionary as a helper in promoting social morality. The government is busily engaged with other things, but the time must come when they will attend to this matter of native-grown opium. The opium question is perhaps becoming less a political question than a moral one. The harm done by opium-smoking in south Burmah while under British rule is opening the eyes of Indian statesmen to the necessity of restricting the supply of this dangerous commodity, and thus they are likely to appreciate better the views held by all the Chinese, high and low, who desire the welfare of their fellow-men and their country. The opium required by China from foreign countries has been during the last five years about 65,000 piculs annually, reaching the portentous amount of 8,700,000 lbs. There are no present signs of decided diminution of the import through the enormous spread of the native production, which is now estimated to be three or four times as much in quantity as the foreign article.

The position of England in the trade with China is a security for the continuance of friendly relations between the two countries. The trade with China of Great Britain and Hongkong reached in 1885 a total of about a hundred million taels, or £26,000,000; while the trade of China with all the rest of the world was about half that amount. One million piculs of tea went from China to Great Britain, and another million to the rest of the world. Out of twenty-three thousand entrances of ships and steamers into Chinese ports, thirteen thousand were British. China receives, therefore, from Great Britain more than half of the revenue derived from her foreign customs establishment.

If the revenue be assumed to be levied evenly on the trade, China receives from Great Britain annually more than two millions sterling.

This amount of revenue derived by China from British trade has operated, and must continue to operate, in promoting friendliness towards England on the part of the Chinese government. Suppose, for example, that the course of action indicated by the Marquis Tseng in "The Sleep and the Awakening," respecting the unfairness of the treaties in some points, were to be adopted by the Chinese government, when the time comes for a revision of the treaty with Great Britain, great difficulties would spring up. Great Britain would be unwilling to place Englishmen at the mercy of Chinese courts of justice, where, in the absence of evidence sufficient to convict an accused man, he is beaten to force confession. China must first reform her criminal procedure. Railways have taken a long time, and will still require some time before they are constructed. The reformation of the criminal procedure will require a longer time yet. So also it would not be easy to abandon the principle of concessions of land for foreign settlements at Shanghai and other ports. The civilized European must have a civilized house and garden. Settlements like Shanghai must have their own police to patrol the streets and maintain order. Will the Chinese be prepared at the decennial revision of the British treaty to give municipal privileges, to engage judges trained in European law to try causes, and take over the duties and responsibilities of the supreme court of China and Japan? The answer is self-evident. They will not dream of doing so. It must be many years before they will be able to conduct judicial proceedings where the accused belong to any of the treaty powers. Consequently the treaties must in these two points, extra-territoriality and concessions of land for mercantile settlements at open ports, remain unchanged. This is sufficiently obvious, and there is no likelihood that the Marquis Tseng, in saying these things, was acting in pursuance of instructions. He wishes his country and its government and people to be just, civilized, powerful, and free. He would like China to have incorruptible judges, humane laws, and improved education. He claims for this ideal China an abstract right to the same privileges which the highly civilized powers of the West award to each other. On these points he thinks as a Western man,

and adopts an energy of phrase which is in fact more Occidental than seems quite befitting to a son of Han.

The movement of China at the present time is a slow assimilation to the European type. She has always studied politics, and she has had political writers from the time of Confucius till now. Her high ethical school of conservatism is opposed to free trade, and in favor of exclusiveness and isolation. The system of Confucius tends in this direction. She has also had her free-trade school, the levelling of classes, and the development of international politics by the division of her territory into smaller States. She is now retreating from the attitude of exclusiveness and the affectation of superiority, and is adopting *ex animo* the language and attitude of a Western power. Her sentiments are becoming liberal, and her laws and institutions are in a fair way to be ameliorated. China, of all Asiatic countries, is the only one except Japan that has made a study of politics. Japan solved her great problem a quarter of a century ago, and was led to do so by foreign trade. The impact of foreign commerce on her shores communicated a thrill which stirred her to reflection, and in a very short time her irrational system of two centres and dual politics was exchanged for monocentric government. The phrase, "the sleep and the awakening," may then be better applied to Japan than to China. But China is awakening too. The process is slower, however, and she lacks the youthful and impressive vigor of her island neighbor.

The advantage of the Chinese which enables them to maintain their autonomy, which the Hindoos have not been able to do, is not only homogeneity of race, but the habit of historical study and political thinking, which is foreign to the Hindoo mind. Her experienced councillors can therefore adapt themselves to the situation at the crisis brought on by the expansion of European trade. Are the Europeans traders? She herself is also devotedly fond of trading. Have they laws which control trade? So has she, and she has been accustomed for two thousand years to frame regulations, as they were required, for the control of such matters. At first when foreign traders came she made some absurd rules, the time for which has gone by, and she has had the wisdom to adopt foreign ideas and improve her theories and her practice.

There can be no two opinions as to the

main objects of contemporary Chinese politics. China is determined to maintain her autonomic position and her prestige by the untold riches of her mines and the inexhaustible reserve of men who can be trained to fight. She is pursuing this course, as the marquis says, with peaceful intentions. She cannot stop the foreign trade, and she would not do so if she could, because of the money it yields to increase her revenue. She will not part with the useful funds which help her to strengthen her forts and to drill her forces. The sum she gains is not in itself so very large, but it is to her at present indispensable, and all her hope is now in foreign drill, in railways, in mines, to be worked in foreign ways; in science, to be studied with the help of foreign professors. She is in fact entering on the adoption of a foreign *régime* in these respects just as certainly as Japan, but she takes a longer time to make the change.

A RESIDENT IN PEKING.

From The Spectator.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTTISH LAKES.

It seems strange that Loch Maree, which in Scotland is most justly styled the "queen of Scottish lochs," is so little known. Since 1877, when, as a memorial stone records, the "Ban Righ Bhictoria" — that is to say, the "She-King Victoria" — visited the peerless lake, it has become rather better known; but still the number of its visitors is small, — very small indeed, we are inclined to think, when its attractions of beauty and regal splendor are considered. In the present paper, an attempt is made to describe the lake and its environment in such a way that the reader may form a mental picture of the scene, and be able to judge of its beauty, to some extent, for himself. By way of first sketching the outline of such a picture, a few brief remarks upon the shape, size, and position of the lake are, unfortunately, necessary. From the map of Scotland it can be seen that the eastern shore is, roughly speaking, straight; that the direction of that shore is due south-east; and further, that the greatest length of the lake — more than twelve miles — lies along, or close beside, that eastern or north-eastern shore. It will appear, moreover, that the lower part of the lake, for six and a half miles from the south-eastern end, is a narrow sheet of water varying in width from half a mile to a mile; and that

at the opposite, or north-western end, the lake assumes a similar shape for somewhat less than two miles, though here it is still narrower, being of a fairly even width of about half a mile. Of these elongated ends we shall not have much to say; it is the middle part that will claim our chief attention. The outline of this middle part may perhaps be best described by saying that the western shore is here curved roughly into the shape of a rather shallow sickle, the lower elongation of the lake representing the handle. From haft to point this sickle measures nearly four miles, and the distance from the innermost part of the bight to the straight eastern shore is about two and a quarter. We will make our survey from the top of a mountain eleven hundred feet high—Craig Tollie by name—which forms the western or south-western boundary of the upper of the two prolongations of the lake, its south-eastern side sloping down to the point end of the sickle.

A noble pair of eagles, which are not uncommon in the district, are wheeling majestically about the crest of Craig Tollie as we approach it by one of General Wade's roads. It is hard to believe that this road was any worse than it is now, even before it was made, for it is difficult to distinguish it from the rest of the rocky moss-land round it, and when, as happens in places, the mountain stream chooses the road for the bed of its current, the road is quite the worst walking of any part of the ground. After a steep climb of five or six hundred feet from the road, we reach the top of Craig Tollie, and find that a single sheep is the only living creature that appears besides ourselves upon the high plateau.

The day is quite calm and the sky is wholly overcast with high cloud, light-grey, and almost semi-luminous. The air is strangely clear; and the view in every direction is indeed marvellous. There is not only Loch Maree stretching to the south-east for ten miles or more, which, at a casual glance, might be mistaken for three; but look where we will, there is a grand prospect. To the south-west are the cloud-wrapt hills of Skye, and to the north-west, across the Minch—forty miles away at least—the high land of the Lews is plainly visible. Groups of smaller islands lie scattered here and there, and on the coast we can see four or five large arms of the sea, or salt-water lochs. On the mainland are tarns and lochs of various sizes—some more than a mile long—and of different levels, to

the number—not counting every pool—of more than fifty. Without reckoning each individual peak, or the very distant hills, there are, between the points of north-east and south, not less than thirty great mountains, ranging from two thousand feet up to thirty-five hundred feet in height. Nineteen or twenty of these are to the west and south of the lower half of Loch Maree—the nearest within six or seven miles of our standpoint—and the slopes of some of them form great part of its western shore.

Scotland abounds with mountains carved by Nature into shapes almost more whimsical than fancy could have drawn them; but surely nowhere can this group—the mountains of Torridon—be surpassed in grotesque boldness and diversification. They stand thronging one another, but the eye can divide them into several short ranks running off from the lake. "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!" Four or five are conical—one seamed by a torrent's course from top to base—with outlines steep and straight, until lost to sight behind other masses. Some are vast ridges, with huge pyramidal flanks. In almost all the rock is grey and bare, and little roundness can be seen. Among such hills another Rip Van Winkle might carouse with a crew of goblin topers. Two cataracts gleam, one right behind the other, five and ten miles away, both "frozen by distance." To-day the mountains stand in sharp relief, and not a lineament of all their rugged visages is lost; but yesterday vast rolling clouds, bursting with rain, enveloped them entirely, save when, now a lofty peak, now a monstrous gable, reared its solitary form above the billows of the air in unearthly and mysterious grandeur.

A range of six or seven smaller mountains starts from a point about two miles south-west of our station, and trends southward into the midst of the others. Between this outwork and the wide portion of the lake stands a beautiful and striking hill, called Bus-beinn or Bois-beinn. About five miles from us it rises in craggy knolls, with steep and almost precipitous scaurs at the waterside, to a height of nearly a thousand feet, and stretches away for three miles or more without greatly exceeding this elevation—for if it did we should not have our view of the other mountains—and then swells into a high, round shoulder, beyond which a grassy cone, nearly three thousand feet in height, forms a shapely finial to the whole. Down the side towards us

the nearer foaming cataract rushes, flowing peacefully into the lake at last between green fields and a coppice of dark fir. This spot, the westernmost of the whole lake, is known by the name of Slattadale. Of the rest of the western side, not much need be said. No very striking feature appears on this shore at the lower end of the lake, the six miles of narrower water that have been mentioned. Near to us it is well wooded, and the mountain-sides running down to it, though far from tame, slope more gently than most parts of the shore, and are divided by several broad straths. Between that tract and the steep crags by Slattadale there is another spot, deep in the bosom of the bay, distinguished like Slattadale by wood and verdant grass. It bears the softly sounding name of Talladale. The upper, narrow portion of the lake is hidden from our view. It is bounded on the west by the steep scaurs in which the eastern side of Craig Tollie terminates. Between Craig Tollie and Slattadale the braes sloping down to the water's edge are varied with a wood of the stiff, dark fir, and a large clump of lighter ash. These braes for a mile or two from our position are surmounted by crags rising to a height of thirteen or fourteen hundred feet above the sea, curiously split up by horizontal and vertical clefts and fissures filled with herbage. The color of the braes is most peculiar. It is not green in the least, except little patches here and there, but orange. This orange-colored grass is characteristic of the region. Thus have we accounted for the western shore. At the foot of the lake—or, more properly, the head, the south-western end—a green valley extends until our view is blocked by the intersecting slopes of high mountains, and beyond them the far distance also is crowned with a diadem of shadowy summits.

Looking now to the eastern shore, we have a scene far different, but with no inharmonious diversity. This, which we have hitherto referred to as the straight side, consists of three high and noble mountains. Straight indeed it is, inasmuch as throughout its twelve miles of length its general direction is due south-east; but from our lofty station we see that it is traced most delicately in curving bays and rounded coves, with here a jutting cape, and there a frowning promontory. The lines of Scott upon the hills of Yarrow that form the southern boundary of "lone St. Mary's silent lake," are here still more appropriate:—

Nor fen nor sedge
Pollutes the clear lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.

Just a trace, as at that tapering point—evidently formed of earth washed down for ages by the rain—which projects into the lake at its broadest part. That half of it which lies nearest to the mountain is covered with a crescent-shaped wood of firs; the other grassy half runs far into the water, with concave sides blending exquisitely into a glistening needle-point of sand or shingle. The verge of this steep shore, however, is in most places the bare rock, washed bright by lapping wavelets; though in some places the cliff appears too steep for the formation of any water-mark broad enough to be discerned. At the lower part of the lake, the woods which fringe the foot of the mountains almost all along seem to grow right down to the water's edge; but this may be an effect of distance.

But we must shun mere details, for we have three big mountains to describe. The nearest of these three subtends our sickle. This hill is called the nearest you can get to "Beinn Airidh a 'Char," for which "Ben Arry Har" is a convenient euphemism. Beinn Airidh a 'Char is a mass of bare rock with a peak more than two thousand five hundred feet high, and a number of minor pinnacles rising over its surface, like the crowded minarets of a mosque. Another freakish point about it is that its surface is so scored and corrugated, that at a distance it appears covered with wrinkles. There is no wood upon its steep sides except quite at the foot, and two shallow glens form the only breaks that appear in the whole of this shore. By the waterside stands the only house in sight. The second mountain is Beinn Lair, a great rounded mass approaching three thousand feet in height, which runs down to the water from behind Beinn Airidh a 'Char, and bounds the lake for about two miles below it. Its highest point is hidden behind the other mountain. Beyond it, completing the eastern shore, stands Ben Slioch. No other single object in the whole scene is so conspicuous as this majestic mountain. It rises boldly by itself, and but for some outlying spurs, would be completely separate from any of the others. Like some primeval guardian of the lake, it stands distinguished from its compeers by greater height and independent situation. Such sentinels are

found by many lakes. As Skiddaw stands by Bessenthwaite, and Ledi by Loch Ven-nachar, as stern Cruachan, with his double crest, keeps watch and ward by the dark waters of Loch Awe, so Slioch guards by Loch Maree. Though it was formerly supposed to exceed four thousand feet in height, and to be the third or fourth of British mountains, it is now ascertained to be no more than three thousand two hundred feet odd; but, nevertheless, it has all essential attributes of dignity and grandeur. We see its total elevation at a glance, for the lake is only thirty-two feet above the sea-level. It is conical in shape, with a peak symmetrical but not acute. Its steep but flowing sides, about half-way between the summit and the foot, interrupt their descent to form, on the right, two smaller peaks, and on the left a single one somewhat larger, after which they sweep gracefully down to the lower ground. This noble mountain is green up to the top, "but his brow deep scars of thunder have intrencht." Long ruddy seams radiate from the apex, showing where the rock of which it is composed has been laid bare in warfare with the elements. If we were near enough, we should see, mustered around the central summit and only a little below, a circlet of inferior peaks like satellites round a planet. This little bodyguard consists, to all appearance, of a harder rock remaining undestroyed, while that which once conjoined its casques, with one another and with the capital crest, under one protecting panoply, has been gradually removed. Such is Ben Slioch, with whose exalted form the circuit of the lake, in the order of our survey, is completed.

The colors of the whole scene, though not brilliant, are varied, and not dull. The rocks are chiefly grey, though reddish tints can here and there be seen. The water, too, is silver-grey, save where "the wild cataract leaps in glory." Just in front is rich brown peat, and further off, on the right, are the warm orange undulations, flowing down to the lake-side, with bright streaks and patches of fern and green grass intermingled. Dark firs and light ash-trees give variety to the green, as does the short grass on the high levels, which is of the common hue. Singular to say, we can see no heather. Several little fields of bright yellow corn at the water's edge—one shining like a golden tip at the extreme end of the silver lake—add a cheerful touch to the coloring, and a charm of peacefulness,—a foil to what were else, perhaps, too purely wild.

But as yet we have said nothing of the lake itself, though there the eye is fascinated by a feature which confers a charm and individuality unique among the lakes of Britain. On its broad bosom is a multitude of woody islands, of outlines most bewilderingly intricate. In length they vary from a mile to only six or seven yards. All, or all save one or two, are in the wide portion of the lake, chiefly in the lower half of that wide portion; so close together, that in places the narrow, sinuous passages that divide them are partly hidden by the trees, so that we do not always know with certainty whether we see separate islands or different parts of one. Almost all are thickly or entirely covered with dark woods, though a few are graced with silvan lawns; and each is girdled by a margin of grey rock, bright through the ceaseless laving of the water. Not counting bare rocks, or every tiny islet that supports a solitary tree, they number nearly thirty. Crowded together as they lie, with intertwining channels and profiles fretted into most elaborate tracery, they look like that paradise through which, in "Prometheus Unbound," the enchanted boat of Asia's soul is borne: "Elysian garden islets," "and watery paths that wind between wildernesses calm and green." "Peopled by shapes too bright to see," we are tempted to add also, for something as of fairyland clings round them. The eye is so beguiled and baffled by the witchery of their winding outlines, that we are almost fain to murmur, with the voice that chants in high, aerial antiphony the hymn to Asia's dazzling beauty,—

Screen those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

One image, one alone, arises to which these clustered islands, and shimmering waterways that wreath around them, may fitly be compared. A counterpart of that we see below may be sometimes seen above, when in calm depths of air the moonbeams bathe some group of stilly clouds. Some of these islets are but rocks, all bare and wan; some, light with glades of golden green; most, clothed with wood, but girt with a shining marge, lie darkling on the mere in labyrinthine contour. And like them are the islands of the firmament. Most, impervious to the moon, are yet embroidered with a silver edging; some are in places lustrous, but with subdued and misty light; some scattered flakes and spangles glow throughout in argent brightness.

It may be confidently said that of all who soon will seek the glories or the beauties of this land of ever varied charm and splendor, not one shall see a fairer or a nobler sight than he who, from such vantage-ground as ours, looks down upon this queen of lakes reposing in her peaceful majesty, her bosom decked with islet gems; while mighty Slioch, chief of her haughty peerage of attendant mountains, "like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved," stands proudly at her side.

From St. James's Gazette.

A KIRGHESE BETROTHAL.

THE Kirghese nomads never marry within the tribe, or *aul*. They are strict exogamists, and generally seek a son or daughter-in-law from a remote settlement, five hundred versts being deemed no distance to go in order to make a suitable match. Owing to this, and the custom of selling the bride, a betrothal becomes an extremely complicated affair to arrange, involving much going to and fro on the part of the intermediaries. A series of entertainments have to be given by both parties, at which innumerable fat sheep-tails are consumed and washed down with tea soup flavored with cream and wild herbs. And as all the young women belonging to an *aul*, married as well as unmarried, have a right to take part in a transaction referring to the disposal of one of their own sex, a betrothal is always a very lively affair and is made the occasion of a good deal of practical joking.

Bride and bridegroom may be of any age between six months and sixteen years. The Kirghese father desirous of finding a partner for his son or daughter assembles the nearest male relatives of his family, and selects one, the eldest or shrewdest, to act as intermediary. This individual receives the title of *dshautchi*, and plays an important part in the transaction up to the marriage ceremony, though it may take place years after. He is fully informed as to the father's wishes, and knows the highest price he may venture to offer for a girl if he be commissioned to procure a daughter-in-law. He then starts for the *aul* where he expects to find a suitable bride for his client, and, after looking round him there, makes his choice. He thereupon formally calls upon the girl's father and makes a tender for the daughter's hand. If the offer is accepted, the parent calls in a servant and orders him

to kill a sheep in honor of the visitor and prepare supper. If this compliment be omitted, the *dshautchi* understands that his offer is declined with thanks. Over their mutton stew and *kumiss* the negotiation is carried a step further and a day is appointed — a Wednesday or Thursday always, these being the two lucky days of the week — for the bridegroom's agents and representatives to pay a visit to the *aul* and agree upon the details of the betrothal.

On the day fixed the father of the young man, accompanied by fifteen male friends who act as intermediaries, makes his appearance in the *aul*. All are got up in gala costume, and are received by the bride's father and conducted to a *yurt* specially reserved for them and gaily decorated for the occasion. A grand dinner is prepared; and it is customary to have present a couple of Tartar singers, one male and one female, who sing the praises of the bride — comparing her to a beautiful tree, a high mountain, a fine horse, a rapid stream. Dinner over, the guests are taken round the encampment and introduced to all the leading people; and then they settle down to the real business of the day, the fixing of the *kalim*, or price to be paid for the bride. This *kalim* is not a varying sum dependent upon the status and means of the individual; it is invariable for each class or degree. It is calculated in *baitals*, or mares; and the immemorial usage of the nomad peoples requires it to consist of either 100 mares, 77, 67, 47, 37, or 27 mares. A *kalim* of 100 mares is the highest known, one of 27 the lowest. The price is always paid in the shape of useful quadrupeds. For this purpose certain standards of value are fixed; thus one camel is reckoned the equivalent of five mares, a blood-horse is worth three mares, a good stallion two mares, while twenty sheep are equal to one mare. The *kalim* includes, moreover, a shirt of mail, a gun, and a trained hawk employed in fox-hunting — a form of sport for which the Kirghese have a passion. In place of these, five to twenty mares may be given. As soon as the amount and manner of payment are finally settled, the whole party have to partake of a dish known as *tyustyuk*. It consists of a breast of mutton roasted and cut up into very small pieces; and the eating of this is held to indicate that the contract made between the parties is irrevocable.

Now the young women of the *aul* come round to play their part in the ceremony. They prepare a plentiful supper, which is

duly served to the guests; and towards the end of the meal bring in a dish called *dsammak*, made of minced sheep fat and liver mixed with curds and dried cheese. Six of the sturdiest lasses carry it round to the oldest *dshautchi*, who bends over it and takes a little. As he does so the young woman nearest him will dip her first finger in the stew and smear it over his face. He is obliged to submit; and not only so, but he has to take the dish, hand it to the go-between next him in age, and serve him precisely as he has been served. In this way the *dsammak* is passed round to all in succession, each smearing his neighbor's face amid loud laughter. Then the men are obliged to ask for water with which to wash off the grease; and this is not brought until gifts are made for the service rendered them. The guests then rise to quit the place — only, perhaps, to find themselves the victims of another joke. While they have been at supper some of the young women have been busy sewing their long coats, or *chalats*, to the cushions and carpets upon which they were seated. When they make a move they find themselves fast or hauling a heavy cushion after them. Only upon payment of a fine in kind are the encumbrances in rear cut off. Not unfrequently the girls refuse to do this at any price; and a particularly conceited young Kirghese may have the mortification of walking about among the lasses for an entire evening with a couple of six-foot carpets dangling tailwise from his best *chalat*.

The fifteen friends of the bridegroom are then conducted to another *yrta* nicely decorated, where they take their seats on one side. Opposite them the young women, whose guests they are become, take their places and challenge them to cap verses. The fair Kirghese are very clever at this sort of thing, which the men understand little about; and as every failure to reply involves a penalty, the girls make a further addition to their store of gifts. The fifteen are afterwards called upon to sing; and the unlucky Tartar who either can't or won't becomes the butt of the party of girls. They will pounce upon him in a body, hale him outside, and treat him to a more practical joke than is agreeable, or even delicate.

Early on the following morning the father of the bride calls upon the fifteen *dshautchi*, and invites them to a parting

meal with him. As soon as he is gone the young women surround the *yrta* of the visitors, while a dozen arrange themselves in two lines on each side of the entrance. Those on one side carry flour, those on the other are supplied with a store of soot. They wait there in silence till the men prepare to leave; then as each pops his head out of the *yrta* he receives a dab in his face, right and left, of flour and soot. If he escape the first pair, the second catch him as he makes his way between the two rows. Of course it is impossible to pay a visit to their host besmeared with smut and flour, so another payment has to be made in order to obtain the means of making themselves presentable. At the morning meal tea and *kumiss* is served. And now the youngest of the fifteen representatives of the bridegroom steals some vessel belonging to the lady's father-in-law — the spoil to be carried away; while the father-in-law presents the eldest of the guests with what is termed *klit* — that is, fifteen mares or their equivalent in cattle. Then the horses are brought round and the visitors prepare to take their departure. But here again they are made the victims of another joke. The Kirghese young women have charge of the animals belonging to the encampment during the night. By day the men look after their herds and horses; at night this duty falls to the women. The lasses have, therefore, had the care of the strangers' steeds; and when they are brought round they find that their horses have been decked with old bones and rags — their manes and ears and tails presenting the oddest sight. The stirrups have been removed, and when the men try to mount they find sheep-bones under the saddle. To the hoofs shank-bones have been tied, to the great irritation alike of the beasts and their owners.

Soon afterwards the father of the bride pays a visit to the aul of the bridegroom. He is accompanied by the fifteen representatives of the bride, who are received in precisely the same manner as those of the bridegroom were. The sisters of the latter know how their brethren were treated, and take very good care, now the strangers are in their hands, to repay them in kind. On this occasion the first part of the *kalim*, or price of the bride, is formally handed over to her guardians, and the betrothal is legally complete.

From The Queen.

OUR TWO SELVES.

SOME say we have three selves—the first as we are to ourselves; the second as we are to our friends; the third and the true one, as we are to God, who sees all the circumstances and understands all the conditions. To these, however, we might add a fourth—the self as we appear to our enemies; which is to that seen by our friends as the green spectrum of the red sun—the black side of the shield where the other side was white. This is a good kind of generalized definition; but it is susceptible of many details and numerous divisions, and a great deal of nice and subtle shading. Of the self as we are to ourselves—of this presentation alone a goodly volume might be written and the intricacies would still remain unexhausted. The ancients knew this tremendous difficulty of correct self-analysis. "Gnothi seauton"—Know thyself—was the motto taken by Solon, one of the seven Greek sages, whose pithy axioms are as immortal as language. And time and development, which have done so much, have done very little here. To ourselves we are almost always justified whatever we do or think—at least while the impulse lasts and before reflection has brought us back to the true sense of proportion. Blinded by passion and hoodwinked by prejudice, we follow as we are led, believing that we are free agents and acting as we know. We are like men who are deceived by appearances which they believe to be real, but which others know are the baseless phantoms of the imagination—like a lover maddened by jealousy, say, mistaking persons and misreading words, and so, thinking himself justified in his cruel revenge on a thing which does not exist and is a myth born of ignorance and perverted vision. Here is the difficulty of that self-knowledge which the Athenian sage placed as one of the gateways of wisdom—one of the necessities for right living; the difference between what we think and what is—what we feel and the causes why we so feel. Take dislike for one example. Nothing is more obscure and nothing more deceptive than the basis of personal dislike. It is sometimes absolutely impossible to say why, but we have to confess to an abhorrence that colors our thoughts, shapes our actions, hardens our hearts, and makes an almost unknown person detestable to us. Then we search for causes to found thereon reasons and excuses—and deceive ourselves in so doing. We say that he or

she is affected, insincere, worldly-minded, untrustworthy, or anything else that may commend itself to our fancy as a possible reason for our prejudice. We give a hard name to all idiosyncrasies—forgetting our own; we give an ugly twist to all actions, so as to make them look as crooked as we would have them; and we are quite sure that our unfriendly interpretation is right. We forget all that we have felt in our turn, when we have heard what our enemies have said of us, and we have not recognized the portrait drawn by malice and dislike. We do not, as a rule, apply to others the pain we have experienced in our own persons, nor think that we are actuated by the ignoble motives we ascribe to our own foes and detractors. We do not hear that other self within which whispers softly jealousy—jealousy of good fortune we do not share, of advantages we do not possess. Or, if not jealousy, it may be that we are influenced by offended pride in that we ourselves have not been sufficiently distinguished by the person we now decry; for vanity plays an immense part in the drama of that self which is not the noblest nor the clearest-sighted. It resents as neglect that which falls below adulation, and holds honest criticism to be impertinence—and as unjust as impertinent—when it is less than wholly laudatory. We have not the faintest notion that we judge and dislike according to the law of vanity ruling our baser self, and it is impossible to make us see it—so large looms this beam which shuts out the light from the inner eye. When we writhe under what we hold to be undeserved neglect, we give our pain every name but the right one. It is sensitiveness; wounded affection; natural and quite allowable disappointment; natural and quite allowable self-respect in arms against unworthy treatment—it is never hurt vanity, which yet the better self would confess it to be, could it but get a hearing—which the outside world sees it to be, and the Supreme Wisdom, knowing, pities and pardons. So, when we are ambitious we often think ourselves zealous for the public weal, if our endeavors go that way, or earnest to do good work for its own sake if we are of the band of creative artists. We do not see that it is self seeking aggrandizement and looking for its reward—that echoes of the world's applause sound already in our ears, and we already taste and enjoy in anticipation the honor for which we strive, and which we believe will be our portion. We think our ambition impersonal and not ignoble.

Alas! if we could strip that shining tinsel of self-deception from our thought, what a deformed little image would show itself! We pride ourselves on holding a high standard. Holding this high standard, we are keenly alive to the demerits of others and righteously indignant with their shortcomings. We find indeed that most people do thus fall short of the good to which they should attain—that they do not do what they ought and that they do what they ought not. And we condemn them accordingly; all in the name of respect for good and corresponding abhorrence of evil. But if that self whose voice is so fatally low were able to speak so as to make itself heard, should we not be told that our zeal for the better way, leading to this perpetual condemnation, had its origin in the quality known as fault-finding? Whatever is different from ourselves that we hold to be wrong; and we dignify by the high-sounding name of love of good what is really due to sourness of temper and narrowness of egotism. Why is one side of the shield not as worthy as the other? Why should red be held as a noble color and green as a base one? Why should all humanity be cut according to one pattern, and that pattern our own?—why, but for the want of catholicity of acceptance, the want of generosity of judgment and sympathy of feel-

ing which all massed together make the fault-finding disposition—pluming itself as righteous. It is the same in all things, and self-knowledge eludes us at every turn. If we are moral cowards and dare not testify in unfriendly company, we excuse ourselves on the score of sensitiveness; and we say that the honest are brutal and the courageous are coarse. If, on the contrary, we are ourselves honest to brutality and courageous to coarseness, we uphold truth as the one sole virtue to be always adhered to, the one dominant quality which suffers no rival near its throne, and we sneer at sensitiveness as a vice which dates from slavery and servility. And we know nothing of the true self by which we are actuated and impelled. So, if we are lavish and unreflecting—we are generous and humane; and when we have given away our fortune, and fall into evil days on our own account, we blame the world which lets us suffer, not our self, which has wrought our own evil. When we are money-grubbing we call ourselves careful and anxious to secure our independence, or it may be to make a good use of our means, and not waste them on undeserving objects. And so it goes through the whole list of passions and qualities. What we are and do we exalt to ourselves; and the inner self is voiceless in the matter.

FAIRY ISLANDS.—Of the unparalleled isles of the ancient mariner many descriptions are extant. We hear of floating islands verdant with tropic vegetation suddenly rising to the surface of the sea, then foundering; of islands covered with medicinal herbs of greater efficacy even than the most largely advertised of modern pills, approaching the coast once in every seven years; of islands inhabited by women only; of islands merely enchanted, such as the old New England voyager's,—“very thick foggie weather, we sailed by an enchanted island, saw a great deal of filth and rubbish floating by the ship;” of islands formed of green meadows, which, says Mr. Wirt Sikes, “were supposed to be the abode of the souls of certain Druids, who, not holy enough to enter the heaven of the Christians, were still not wicked enough to be condemned to the tortures of Annwn, and so were accorded a place in this romantic sort of purgatorial paradise” (British Goblins). Here is one of Mandeville's twisters: “In an isle clept Cruces, ben schippes withouten nayles of iren, or bonds, for the rockes of the adamandes; for they ben alle fulle there aboute in that see, that it is marveyle to spoken of. And gif a schippe passed by the marches, and

hadde either iren bands or iren nayles, anon he sholde ben perisheet. For the adamande of this kinde draws the iren to him; and so wolde it draw to him the schippe, because of the iren; that he sholde never departen fro it, ne never go thens.” How must the apprehension of encountering such islands as this, capable of wrecking a stout ship by magnetically extracting her iron bolts and so dissolving her, have set the knees of the sturdiest old sailors knocking one against another! Or figure the emotions with which they would view the prospect of going ashore upon such an island as we have here: “There came a southe winde, and drof the shyppes northward, whereas they saw an ylonde full dirke and full of stench and smoke; and then they herde grete blowinge and blasting of belowes, but they might see noothyng, but herde grete thunderyng.” “There are traditions,” says Mr. Wirt Sikes, “of sailors who in the early part of the present century actually went ashore on the fairy islands, not knowing that they were such until they returned to their boats, when they were filled with awe at seeing the islands disappear from their sight, neither sinking in the sea nor floating away upon the waters, but simply vanishing suddenly.”

Longman's Magazine.

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